

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 10, 1889.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

"Grant Building his Log House."

WITH this Number of our paper we issue, as a Supplement, the beautiful Chromograph, a picture in oil colors, from the painting by the late Emanuel Leutze, called "Grant Building his Log House."

This is the third and last of the "Grant pictures" published as Supplements to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. It will probably be considered the best of the series, and is peculiarly interesting at the present time, as illustrating the humbler fortunes of the great captain of the age in contrast with his present high position. From the Log House to the White House, the path was one marked with the footprints of the nation's destiny.

As a matter of national pride, apart from the satisfaction of obtaining, at a merely nominal sum, a fine work of art, the chromograph of "Grant Building his Log House" should be in every American household where the memories of the great men and the great events of the republic are cherished.

The chromograph represents the present occupant of the White House at the outset of his farmer life in 1854, leaning against his plow and studying a rude plan of the humble homestead which, chiefly by the work of his own hands, he constructed on his little farm in Missouri. The unfinished building, and the wild aspect of the country, the hardy farm horses harnessed to the plow, together with the rough appearance of the young farmer and his fellow-tillers, taken in connection with the fame and honor that now attach to the name of Grant, simply but eloquently tell the secret of the success of our republican institutions, that can elevate the citizen from the plow to the Presidential chair.

The Newspaper will be furnished with or without the Supplement, at the option of the buyer; but those wishing the Supplement must so state, as the news-dealers will order no more than actually called for. Price of Newspaper with Supplement, 30 cents.

Hydrophobia.

THE forms which this disease assumes are so dreadful, that it is no wonder that the public mind is filled with a sort of indescribable horror whenever a number of cases occur simultaneously in the same neighborhood. The worst of it is that at such times, so powerful an agent is the imagination in the development of disease, disorders which belong to a totally different type take the features of the one most feared, and the prevalence of which is the common talk of the day. And thus it happens that the convulsions, foamings at the mouth, and shuddering at the sight of water or any other glittering object, which are not necessarily symptoms of hydrophobia any more than they are of scarlet fever, are at once attributed to incurable madness; and if the patient should, unfortunately, at any time within twenty years preceding have been bitten by a dog or scratched by an angry cat, it will go hard with him if he ever recover from a sickness which in ordinary times might be easily brought under medical control. Fear in an individual becomes panic in a multitude, and is at once, speaking pathologically, the most dangerous and intractable of disorders. The firmest of nerves are not proof against the contagion. We may do our best to show its absurdity or groundlessness, and it may for a time be laid at rest, but unfortunately, like a fire that only smolders, it breaks out again on the slightest provocation.

The public has lately gone through its periodical fright in regard to mad dogs. Many persons who have been bitten by dogs have died, but whether from genuine rabies or not, may be a matter of doubt, and dogs and other animals supposed to be infected have been pitilessly slaughtered. The excitement of the season has been followed by the usual lull, and it appears to us to be a fitting time to describe calmly what is really known about hydrophobia, both in animals and man. If we can succeed in quieting some groundless alarms, and in inspiring confidence where only dismay and fear as to the future now exist, we shall be amply repaid.

We are indebted to an article in the *Medical Gazette* of March 13, written by Mr. A. L. Carroll, M. D., for an excellent résumé of what is known, up to the present time, in relation to this disease. By what may be almost called a popular superstition, every sickness is called hydrophobia that presents symptoms in the slightest degree resembling those which distinguish it; yet it is certain that rabies in a dog is not so common as is generally supposed. In nine cases out of ten of reputed madness, the poor, hunted victim is merely epileptic, and would speedily recover if left in quiet. Again, the really mad dog does not foam at the mouth, and although for a few hours there is an increased secretion of saliva, this is but transitory. On the contrary, when the disease is fully developed, the saliva is diminished in

quantity, and becomes viscid and glutinous, adhering to the mouth and causing the dog to tear at the corners of his mouth with his paws, in the effort to relieve himself of the tenacious accumulation. This state is accompanied by an insatiable thirst, and the poor brute, instead of shunning water, according to the popular superstition, will lap it up as long as the muscles of his jaws retain their power, and even when these are paralyzed, will plunge his whole muzzle into water, in vain endeavor to moisten the parched fauces.

The cause of hydrophobia has hitherto baffled all research. It is certain it is not heat alone, nor thirst, nor hunger, nor any combination of these, since every attempt to develop it by such agencies has failed. "It is said to be more common in extreme northern latitudes, where the ground is almost always covered with snow, than in warmer climates, and hence some have argued that cold weather favored its development. This theory is not supported by observation, but it is nevertheless certain that the heat of the dog-days has nothing to do with causing the disease; neither is the opinion of that distinguished philologist, Mr. Bergh, that disappointed sexual instinct produces rabies, borne out by recorded data. It has recently been asserted that the bite of an angry, or otherwise excited animal, may produce hydrophobia, without the existence of specific virus, but the statement seems to be founded solely on the imagination of its propounders, or of the persons thus bitten."

Having shown what is not hydrophobia, we should have been glad, if our space had permitted, to have enumerated the almost unerring signs of true rabies in dogs, but must refer our readers to Dr. Carroll's essay for such details, any mere condensation of which might lead into fatal error.

But if this terrible disease be rare in the lower animals, it is still rarer in man. Experiments have shown that it is by no means certain that the bite of a really mad dog will communicate the disease to others of the same species, though in practice, we hold it would be very wrong not to destroy at once any dogs that were known to have been bitten by one really mad. The susceptibility of man to hydrophobia has been variously estimated. Long observation has shown that the chances of escape are about five to one. "As proof of the rarity of the disease in man, Professor Flint, in his long and extensive practice, has met with but two cases. Mr. Cook, in the course of thirty-five years' observation at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, saw but two cases, and Sir Thomas Watson, up to 1849, had seen but two cases."

Only professional readers could find any interest in the description of the nerves and tissues which are affected by the poisonous virus when introduced into the human frame; and, therefore, omitting such technicalities, as lying apart from our main purpose, we come to the consideration of the modes of cure. It might be more proper to say, of prevention, for we are sorry to be obliged to believe that, practically, it is incurable—"but one probable case of reputed recovery having been recorded."

It is important to bear in mind that the symptoms which are popularly supposed to be peculiar to hydrophobia are found also in other diseases. Because a patient has difficulty in swallowing liquids; because he is intensely susceptible to currents of air or waving motions; or because it is fancied he has desires to bite or snap, or howl or imitate a bark—let no one conclude that death is inevitable, and, therefore, to save the sick man the agonies of convulsions, smother him to death, as actually occurred on Staten Island a few years ago. Such symptoms occur also in tetanus, and are found in some forms of hysteria; and it is essential, in every case, that a careful diagnosis be made by a competent physician. As a preventive measure, after a bite from a dog even suspected of being mad, excision and cauterization of the wound should be performed as early as possible, and, if the injury be extensive, amputation would be justifiable.

No instance is known of one human being transmitting rabies to another. Though brutes communicate it to one another, and to man, with him it seems to stop; and the knowledge of this fact may give courage to those whose sad duty it may be to attend the sick-bed of any one afflicted with this, the most awful of all diseases.

The Question of the Island of San Juan.

AMONG the various fantastic freaks of our youthful and gushing septuagenary Minister in England, and aside from his Naturalization and Alabama Claims Conventions, there is one for the adjustment of our differences with Great Britain, in regard to the island of San Juan, near Vancouver, on our northwestern coast. The question of right of possession by Great Britain or by the United States is left by the convention to "The President of the Swiss Confederation." It is denied by those best informed on the subject that there is any question to be submitted at all, and by none is it denied more vigorously or conclusively than

Mr. George Gibbs, of Washington Territory, whose able letter on the subject we subjoin:

"I am utterly opposed to Mr. Johnson's convention, referring the title of the island of San Juan to the President of the Swiss Confederation."

"In the first place, I think it derogatory to the honor of the United States to refer the question at all. The joint occupation of the territory on the Pacific was terminated by the treaty of 1846, the line of the 49th parallel being adopted as the basis; but as this line, prolonged to the sea, would cut off a part of Vancouver's Island, Mr. Buchanan finally consented to defect it through the Gulf of Georgia and the Strait of Fuca, using the words, 'the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island.' It was perfectly well understood at the time that the compact group of intermediate islands of which San Juan is one, and which lies entirely south of the 49th parallel, would belong to the United States; and Mr. Benton expressly referred to the fact in the debate when urging the ratification of the treaty. Subsequently, however, the British, with whom it seems impossible to make a treaty that shall be a finally, started the claim to the entire group, insisting that the comparatively insignificant Canal de Rosario, which merely separates the continent from those smaller islands, was to be taken as the one 'which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island,' instead of the larger and deeper Canal de Haro, lying nearer to Vancouver Island. Their motive was obvious enough. They saw that this group, taken together, could be completely fortified; that in its landlocked harbors all the navies of the world could lie safely, and that the United States would then possess a naval position, covering at once the Gulf of Georgia, Fuca Strait, and Puget's Sound, thus holding England in check in those waters."

"On the whole of the line of our coast, from San Diego to the Strait of Fuca, San Francisco is the only harbor at once accessible and defensible. The ownership of the southern end of Vancouver Island gave to Great Britain Barclay Sound, one side of the Straits of Fuca, with the admirable harbor of Esquimalt, and the islands of the Saturna group, bordering the easterly side of Vancouver's Island. The islands nearer the continent, of which San Juan is the most western, are our only protection against this immense advantage, and this she wishes to deprive us of."

"Great Britain, in fact, seems to think herself entitled to all the strategic points of the world. Malta and Gibraltar and the Cape of Good Hope are but instances of this grasping spirit of domination. If we now give up our position on the Gulf of Georgia, the Sandwich Islands will be the next point coveted. She knows well that this great inlet, the Strait of Fuca, and the waters opening into it, Puget's Sound, and the Gulf of Georgia, must be the commercial centre of the North Pacific. So far it has no development, except as the source from which the lumber of the countries bordering on that ocean has been obtained. But it is the nearest point to China and Japan; it is the nearest point to the Canadas, to New England, and to New York. The power that owns it will control absolutely, by its interior railroads, the trade of one-third of the continent, independent of that of Asia. If the United States carried through this enterprise of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Great Britain will not undertake another route, or if she does, it will be a failure. In the acquisition of Alaska, an act of statesmanship second only to the purchase of Louisiana, we have flanked the British territories on the north. I trust we shall not lose the vantage-ground thus obtained."

"The idea undoubtedly existing in the minds of those who put forth this claim was, that sooner than make the subject an occasion of war, we would compromise by the adoption of an intermediate line, the channel known on our maps as 'President's Passage,' which separates San Juan from Great and Lopez islands, and in this way they would break the continuity of the chain, and in fact seal the key of the lock. They hoped also to gain the cession of Point Roberts, a part of the continent falling south of the parallel, and a commanding position on the Gulf of Georgia, near the entrance to Fraser River."

"The danger of war was a bugbear. It is now known that, when the original treaty was made, the British Government would have yielded the whole of Vancouver's Island rather than fight; and that later, if firmly met, she would have receded from her claim to the San Juan group. The movement of General Harney, in taking military possession of San Juan, was the right one. There was a vast deal of bluster and threatening on the part of the British, but there would have been no fighting to get possession of it; but Mr. Buchanan, then President, made another fatal mistake. He sent out General Scott to compromise once more, and a new joint occupation was agreed upon. The duplicity of the British in this matter was shown during the joint survey of the northwest boundary. While the American commissioner, Mr. Archibald Campbell, had full powers to settle the line, his English colleague, Captain Prevost, of the British navy, had secret instructions not to settle unless San Juan island was yielded, and the negotiations were continued for months in vain, the reason leaked out."

"The idea seems to prevail, that England, becoming indifferent to the possession of these western territories, only wants to be 'let down gracefully.' This mistake will prove as ruinous as the others. She never was more determined to hold on to these points than now. If she is to lose her possessions on the Pacific, as she must eventually, she wishes to make us pay the heaviest penalty for the acquisition. She will get all the higher price for holding San Juan and Point Roberts. The Reverend Johnson treaty shows this in every line. The question of the true construction of the treaty of 1846 is not the one submitted. The story is told in the second and in the separate articles. The second article reads thus:

"If the referee should be unable to ascertain and determine the precise line intended by the words of the treaty, it is agreed that it shall be left to him to determine upon some line which, in his opinion, will furnish an equitable solution of the difficulty, and will be the nearest approximation that can be made to the accurate construction of the treaty."

"And the 'separate article' (a perfect anomaly in diplomacy) provides that this treaty shall not go into operation or have any effect until the question of NATURALIZATION, now pending, shall have been satisfactorily settled. If that does not mean that San Juan Island (and Point Roberts too) is to be given up as a consideration for the naturalization treaty, it has no meaning."

"The settlement of this question is left to the arbitration of the President of the Swiss Confederation." We might well hesitate at the submission of so important a matter to a person of whose functions and abilities we know nothing; who may or may not be a lawyer or a statesman. But what shall we say when we find that there is no such person in existence? There is no "President of the Swiss Confederation." There are presidents of the *Conseil National*, of the *Conseil des Etats*, and of the *Conseil Federal*; three presidents after a fashion; that is, presiding officers of three different bodies, who are elected annually. But to which of them is this subject submitted? Is it to President Kaiser, of Solothurn; to President Eppli, of St. Gall; or to President Dubs, of Zurich?

"And why was it not submitted (if there is to be any submission) as a question, pure and simple, of the interpretation of the treaty of 1846? Are we to compromise every fresh claim that Great Britain may set up on any occasion by a new concession? If there is a real doubt about the true intent and meaning of that treaty, let us submit it as such, and submit it to some authority, high enough, learned enough, and responsible enough, to decide it at once."

"Submit it, for example, to the consideration of some body of jurists of eminence and character: to the 'Court of Cassation' of France, the ultimate law court of appeals of the French empire; to the faculties of law of Heidelberg or Berlin, rather than to any sovereign, or potentate, or president, who may be governed by ideas of what is politic, or of what is 'equitable.' Such a reference would be, it is true, a novelty in the affairs of nations; but we have a parallel in the jurisdiction of our own Supreme Court. One hears there, as the great French jurist De Tocqueville remarked with admiration, the case called (for example) of the State of Massachusetts vs. the State

of New York. Why not, then, in a case like this, of the interpretation of a treaty, or, as in that of the Alabama claims, one of the interpretation of international obligations, submit it to such courts? Our own Supreme Court might, in like manner, be the arbiter between other nations."

"Whether or not the Court of Cassation would assume this office, of course I do not know; I merely present the suggestion; but, if it did, its intervention would elevate the consideration of the great courts of justice throughout the civilized world, and would lessen the danger of wars, springing from the uncertainty of diplomatic controversy, and from the interests and prejudices of rulers."

"So far as the Northern Pacific Railroad is concerned, one of its western termini must ultimately be on Puget's Sound, and it will never do to leave it entirely under British guns. More than that, the command of the Sound involves that of the Columbia River, for two days' march from its head would carry a hostile force to the mouth of the Cowlitz, with no possible obstruction, except such an interior line of forts as the Government never would consent to keep up, and the population of the country would not justify. It is far better to leave the island as it stands, in joint occupation, until we are ready to take it."

"I have said nothing on the importance of the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad; that must speak for itself. Its completion is the conquest of British America. What is called 'the Fertile Belt,' the country of the Saskatchewan and the Red River of the north, becomes *ex necessitate rei* an appanage of the United States by its construction. Its eastern terminus is, of course, the city of New York, which thenceforth supercedes London as the commercial capital of the world."

VOLTAIRE'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

MR. SCHUTLER, American Consul at Moscow, has unearthed a very curious document in the archives of that ancient city, being nothing less than a dispatch from Prince Bariatinsky, Russian Minister in Paris, to Catherine II., dated 28th of June, 1778, relating to the death and burial of Voltaire, and which gives an entirely new version of those events. According to this document, Voltaire died of laudanum, administered by his physician, in ignorance of the fact that he had before taken large doses of opium. Two months before his death, and at the request of his family, Voltaire had made a formal confession to the Abbé Gautier, and had been reconciled to the Church by the Curé of St. Sulpice, the parish in which Voltaire resided. The curé and abbé visited Voltaire in his last moments. The dying man put his arms around the curé, assuring him of his respect for him. "Sir," said the curé, "do you believe in the divinity of Jesus Christ?"—"I beg that you will let me die in peace!" replied Voltaire. The curé turned away, and intimated to the friends present that he abandoned the dying philosopher.

Three or four hours later in the night Voltaire breathed his last, and then his friends and relatives understood that when a dying man was "abandoned" by his priest, he could not be buried in consecrated ground, and might be cast out of any grave, wheresoever dug for him. Voltaire's body was at once embalmed. The heart was given to the Marquis de Villette, who placed it in his private residence. Voltaire's nephew, the Abbé Mignot, contrived to smuggle the body itself out of Paris. It was decked in the dressing-gown and nightcap of the defunct, and laid at length in a carriage, so that it might pass for an invalid being transported to the country. A servant sat in the carriage with it. The corpse was thus conveyed to the Abbey of Cellières, belonging to the Abbé Mignot, who, with another nephew of Voltaire's, M. d'Ornoy, and some friends, were on the spot, which is a few miles from Nogent-sur-Seine. Into a grave, eight feet deep, the uncoffined body was let down. Quicklime, two feet deep, was cast upon it, and in a few hours the body was entirely consumed. Thus the end was gained of burying Voltaire in consecrated ground, and preventing the possibility of the body being cast out of the grave. The prior of the abbey had a funeral service celebrated in honor of the deceased in the abbey where he was interred, and similar services were celebrated in neighboring churches. The diocesan bishop of Troyes published his anger at this step; but the prior remarked that he could not legally refuse the rights of sepulture to the body of a man who had duly confessed so shortly before his death.

Such is the summary of a very long document, the authenticity of which is apparently guaranteed. Out of it arises a question of some historical interest. On the 30th of May, 1791, a coffin was carried from Cellières to Paris, which was said to contain the body of Voltaire. It was conveyed to the "Pantheon," into which the Church of Ste.-Geneviève had just been converted, with such circumstance of pomp as has probably never been awarded to the most exalted of mortal men. In 1806 the church was restored to its first purpose; but it was not till 1822 that it was re-consecrated, and divine worship again performed in it. Five years ago, the present Marquis de Villette presented the Emperor with Voltaire's heart. His Majesty thought that such a relic might be placed where Voltaire's body lay in the Church of Ste.-Geneviève. The archbishop was consulted; but he smiled, as he hinted a doubt whether the remains of Voltaire could be found in the above church. The tomb was opened, and proved to be empty. Then old men remembered a story of the coffin that had been carried thither from Cellières having been carried away by the priests of Ste.-Geneviève, and buried in some unconsecrated hole. The heart is now, we believe, in the Imperial Library. The document sent to Catherine by her ambassador in France would seem to show that Voltaire's body could never have rested in the Pantheon at all. All the sentimental pilgrimages made thither were made to a shrine without a hero. The two feet of quicklime thrown on the body at its burial at Cellières disposed of what was mortal of the hero.

## MONUMENT TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The beautiful monument recently erected through the efforts of the poet's friend, General Wilson, over his grave at Guilford, Connecticut, is seventeen feet high, and is built of Rhode Island granite. Upon the front tablet, in low relief, is the simple inscription, "Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790—1867," and underneath, the concluding lines of his "Marco Bozzaris":

"One of the few, the immortal names,  
That were not born to die."

Above the tablet is a monogram composed of the Greek letters Alpha and Omega, and on the lower section of the shaft, a branch of oak. Upon the opposite tablet, in bass-relief, is a lyre, supported by two burning torches. On the east, or right side, is the inscription, "Nathaniel E. Halleck, 1792—1793," being the name of the poet's infant brother, who died when but nine months old, and on the left, or west side of the monument, are seen the names of Fitz-Greene's father and mother, "Israel Halleck, 1754—1839," "Mary Elliot Halleck, 1762—1819." These names comprise all the poet's family, with the single exception of his sister, Miss Halleck, who still survives. Around the monument grounds, which are a handsome oval, twenty by thirty feet, is an enduring railing of granite and iron, and outside of the path, four feet wide, which surrounds it, is a green hedge, in which are entwined several flowering shrubs. The monument was designed by Douglas Smythe, a young American architect, now in Europe, and occupies a conspicuous position on the main avenue of the Alderbrook Cemetery, or, as it is generally known among the Guilford people, the East Burial-ground. Among the subscribers to the monument are the poet's friends, Bryant, Longfellow, and Whittier; James T. Brady, J. C. Brevoort, S. B. Ruggles, Charles P. Daly, James G. Wilson, Fanny Kemble, Madame Botta, Charles Sumner, Professor Morse, and Cyrus W. Field. The formal dedication of the monument, it is understood, will, in accordance with Miss Halleck's wishes, take place on the next anniversary of the poet's birthday, i. e., July 8, 1869.

## An Unpublished Poem by Fitz-Greene Halleck.

[DURING the second war with Great Britain, Fitz-Greene Halleck joined a New York Infantry company,

"Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,"

as he afterward wrote in "Fanny." While a member of this much admired corps, which was organized for the purpose of assisting in the defense of New York, at the time of the expected invasion, in September, 1814, the poet wrote the beautiful lines which now appear in print for the first time. The only survivors of the "Iron Grays" are Gouverneur S. Bibby, Stephen Cambreling, Henry and Doctor Edward Delafield, Hickson W. Field, James W. Gerard, and Charles W. Sandford.]

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

WRITTEN IN CAMP AT GREENWICH, IN OCTOBER, 1814.

A weary, watch-worn sentinel,  
Slowly I paced my measured way;  
Cold on my path the night-dews fell  
And glistened in the moon's pale ray;  
And oft I ceased my steps awhile,  
Oft upward turned my anxious eyes,  
Till with a rapture-beaming smile  
I marked the star of morning rise.

Soon bright the distant landscape grew,  
Day beamed on mountain, wood and wave,  
And gave, unseen before, to view  
Two dark gray stones that marked a grave.  
Its turf was summer's brightest green,  
And o'er it bent a willow's shade;  
A lovelier, more enchanting scene  
Was ne'er by fairy fingers made.

One only flower, a wild rose, bloomed  
In solitary beauty there,  
It seemed by Nature's fiat doomed  
Unknown to waste its sweets in air.

The flower from such a fate to save;  
A voice in plaintive accents cried:  
"Stay, soldier, 'tis my father's grave!"

I turned: hard by a little maid,  
With mild blue eyes and golden hair  
In simple, rustic garb arrayed,  
Stood, with a sad, dejected air.  
With eager grasp my hand she took,  
And on me fixed her rolling eye;  
An angel-charm was in her look—  
The charm of filial piety.

"He was a soldier, too," she said;  
Then from her bosom gently drew  
A wreath, of early wildflowers made,  
Which scattering o'er the grave she threw,  
Then knelt, and upward turned her eye.  
With such a suppliant to Heaven,  
Ah! who would dread Life's parting sigh?  
Ah! who would doubt to be forgiven?

My heart was full; I could not speak;  
Silent, I joined the pious prayer;  
A tear was trembling on my cheek,  
I did not blush to feel it there.  
No, for 'twas Nature's holiest tear;  
It told that still my wayward heart  
Could Virtue, Feeling, Love, revere;  
Unchanged by time, unharmed by art.

Sudden the drum beat loud and shrill,  
Far on the gale its echo flew;  
She started up, yet lingered still,  
And from the rosebud brushed the dew.  
"Farewell!" she cried; "I must away!"  
And as she turned, a look she gave,  
In accents loud it seemed to say,  
"Remember, 'tis my father's grave!"

Next morn we marched, and from that hour  
Far distant have my footsteps been,  
Yet still, by Memory's soothing power,  
Oft I recall the hallowed scene;  
And oft the tear of feeling flows—  
Such tears can ne'er disgrace the brave—  
As Fancy's eye reveals the rose  
That blossoms o'er the soldier's grave.

## FINE ARTS.

ONCE in every three years it has been customary with Mr. George H. Hall, for some years past, to exhibit a number of his paintings in some one of the public galleries, free of charge, the pictures to be disposed of by auction on a fixed day. The triennial occasion has now come round, and Mr. Hall, who has been working with great assiduity to meet it, has lately placed on view in the Somerville Art Gallery, No. 82 Fifth Avenue, a collection of sixty-four pictures, comprising figure-pieces of Spanish character, mostly life-size, fruit and flower-pieces.

It is only a few years since Mr. Hall was known chiefly as a painter of fruit, flowers, and objects of still-life, and in these branches he earned a well-deserved reputation. During his frequent visits to Spain, however, a country in which he has made several protracted sojourns, he became fascinated with the picturesque life and character that he saw everywhere around him. It was but a step from the rich color and juicy pulpiness of the fruits which he had so long and faithfully studied, to the ripening bloom of the charming Spanish *senoritas*, whose cheeks mantle with the *sangre azul* as purple grapes do with the rich, vinous fluids. The gipsy character of Spain also offered excellent subjects for his pencil. Without giving up his adherence to Pomona and Flora, then, the artist extended his field of study, and since his return to this, his native country, he has exhibited, from time to time, many heads and figure-compositions, resulting from his Spanish studies of street and rural life.

Of the figure-pieces and heads comprised in the collection under notice, upward of thirty in number, all are either of the dark Andalusian type of character or of the gipsy strain. Among the larger canvases, one of the best is the one entitled "*Uvas y flores*"—a three-quarter length of a man with a basketful of grapes and bouquets, which he is hawking for sale. "Antonia," a young Spanish lady feeding a bird, may be taken as a type of all the dark Spanish beauties presented by Mr. Hall in this collection. For it must be said, in strict truthfulness, that the artist has failed to secure variety in his models, and that a singularly strong family likeness prevails among his black-haired *senoritas* and his pork-pie-hatted *muchachos*, respectively. One of the stronger bits of character in the collection is the *duenna* in the oval picture of a "Young Lady of Seville and Duenna at Church." The *senorita* is pretty, certainly, but then she is absolutely a sister of all the other pretty *senoritas* on the walls of the gallery. "*El Frutero de Sevilla*," a lady and little girl buying grapes of an old man with a donkey, was in last year's Academy exhibition, on which occasion we referred to it fully. Perhaps the best composition of Mr. Hall's here is "*El Racimo de Uvas*," in which a young man bearing a bunch of grapes is seen making love to one of those olive-tinted beauties of Seville. In the several pictures of Spanish boys there is always the same type of character. The same chubby, somewhat swollen, faces appear in all of them, the same peach-like bloom is there. Indeed, it is a fault with the artist, that in painting faces he is apt to recur to his first experience, and to give us too much of the downy texture peculiar to the products over which Pomona used to be supposed to rule. Among the smaller compositions a good example is the "Group of Spanish Children." The young girl here is very beautiful, and varies somewhat in her beauty from the standard selected by the painter. We cannot accord the same praise to the child, which looks dreadfully old for its size, and the head and features of which appear to be disproportionately large.

Many of the fruit-pieces are very meritorious both for color and manipulation of surface. A quaint idea is that of "Peaches in a Helmet," and here Mr. Hall's skill in painting objects of still-life shows to advantage. "Raspberries in a Gauntlet," conveys a similar idea. Several bunches of grapes of various kinds, studies of other fruits, and clusters of flowers, maintain well the artist's reputation in this field of art.

Taken altogether, the exhibition is a very pleasing one, a certain monotony even in the mellow richness of its hues, however, being its prevailing fault. The pictures, therefore, will show better when dispersed, as they are to be by the dictum of the auctioneer, on the evening of Thursday, April 9th, in the gallery.

Fifth Avenue has now become the centre of art, as it has hitherto been that of the beauty, fashion, and wealth of New York. The southwestern corner of that lively thoroughfare and Twenty-second street is now rendered a leading attraction to *faineants*, and (if we may be allowed to coin a word), *Alteuses*, by Goupil's new and elegant establishment, which was opened March 13th, under the management, as hitherto, of Mr. Knoedler. We have no space, here, to enter upon a description of the new arrangements, which, we must be content with saying, are very complete in themselves, and carried out with excellent taste. The picture-gallery is already attractive with works from the most renowned artists of the French and Flemish schools. Here it may be stated, however, that many excellent examples from the studios of our leading American artists appear upon the walls, and that the place of honor is accorded to Mr. F. Church's latest and largest picture of Niagara Falls.

This is a large upright canvas; most of which is occupied by the cataract itself—water and spray everywhere, with but slight indications of land. The wheeling of the water and rolling of the spray are given with masterly power, and one of the artist's favorite *lours de splendeur* is there in the faint iris that quivers to the left of the picture.

Another landscape here, of notable excellence, is a large one by Mr. James M. Hart—a view upon the Hudson River, looking downward, and taking in a distant glimpse of the Palisades. The scene is a winter one, the river being choked with masses of broken ice, and the

whole of the details are given with praiseworthy study and force.

Mr. William Hart has a pastoral landscape here—a picture full of pleasant passages and sweet tones, albeit marred by a certain "stiffness" imparted to the masses of the foliage.

A large forest scene, by Mr. W. T. Richardson, is remarkable for its careful study of tree-stems and feathery foliage. It would be a perfect presentment of American forest scenery in summer guise, but for a certain rawness that pervades the green tints.

Besides that, Goupil's Art Gallery now contains interesting examples from the pencils of Messrs. S. Colman, J. G. Brown, A. D. Shattuck, R. Gignoux, and other well-known artists of this city.

## AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

## POLYTECHNIC ASSOCIATION.

## CONCRETE BRIDGES.

A new concrete bridge, recently erected upon the line of one of the English railways, has been tested to ascertain its textile strength. The structure is an arch, entirely of concrete, of seventy-five feet span and only seven feet six inches rise; is three feet six inches deep at the crown, and has a uniform width of twelve feet. The materials and proportions employed are six of gravel to one of Portland cement. In making the test, one hundred and seventy tons were equally distributed over it. There was practically no deflection.

## ENAMELING IRON.

The process of enameling wrought or cast iron commonly used, is to cover the previously well-cleaned surface of the metal with finely-pulverized enamel of glass, and subject it to a high heat in an oven, by which the fused coating is made to adhere more firmly to the metal. A new plan has been proposed in Germany, which is to first oxidize the surface of the iron, forming the protoxyd and sesquioxys of iron by pouring upon it the hot liquid material forming white glass, or by placing the material in powder upon the metal, and vitrifying it by heat. In this case silicate of iron is formed, which is said to unite more freely with the metal. The great difficulty in adherence is owing to the difference of the expansibility of the metal and enamel.

## CANNON SHOT AND ARMOR.

Recent experiments at Shoeburyness, England, have shown that the force of a cannon-shot in footpounds is the weight of the projectile multiplied by the square of the velocity divided by twice gravity (equal to 64). The experiments upon the armor-targets show the resistance of solid armor-plates varies nearly as the square of the thickness, and that loose wood backing is useless, while a ridged backing of wood is an advantage, and is very great if it has an iron skin behind connected by ribs with the front plate.

## LIGHT.

The President read the report of Professors Doremus and Hosford upon the flashing and burning point of astral oil one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and forty-five degrees respectively, while the Government list of a burning fluid requires only one hundred, and one hundred and ten degrees at the same points. This oil is free from all the lighter products of petroleum, has more body, and a given quantity will give more light than the same volume made from petroleum. An interesting discussion followed upon the qualities of different illuminating oils, cause and prevention of explosion.

## FLOATING BRIDGE.

A plan for a floating bridge for the East River was read, but as it was deemed impracticable, little attention was given it.

## FARMERS' CLUB.

## THE BUFFALO.

The chairman read a very interesting letter from a Pennsylvania correspondent, who asks: Can the American buffalo be domesticated here, and made useful and profitable? I think it can. I have had a small stock of buffaloes on my farm for many years, but was under the necessity of disposing of them all. The buffalo is a noble animal; it's true he is bold and determined, yet very social; mine were tamed; they would come at my call, and feed out of my hand. The buffalo, moreover, is a profitable animal; the cows weigh from 600 to 800 pounds; I killed one cow, the quarter of which weighed 742 pounds; the beef I consider better than any other beef; the robes are valuable, as are also the fur. In conclusion, he states they will feed on anything other cattle will eat, and fatten quicker; they increase in numbers about as fast as cattle. Horace Greeley said, he remembered seeing the buffaloes among tame animals on the Campagna around Rome. There must be thousands of them among domestic animals in Italy; he recollected seeing them many years ago. I used to eat the meat on the Plains; it's very dry and tough; tastes like half-boiled chips. I doubt if you can make the meat equal to the domesticated cattle; it does not produce the same tender, juicy, succulent qualities as our beef does. Another member stated a neighbor of his had experimented with them not successfully; thought they have become very troublesome to the adjoining farmers; it requires a fence eight feet high to keep them in their own fields; he doubts if they are available for the farmer to work with; are naturally too wild.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF OPIUM FROM POPPIES.

A new-fangled way of raising poppies was explained by the owner of some patent right; the club saw no novelty in it, but recommended as follows: The poppy can be cultivated either on hills or raised over the land; all over the southern part of Europe the poppy is raised broadcast. The way to manufacture opium can be found in any book on drugs. Laudanum is made out of it; morphine comes from it. Most of the syrups and soothing liniments contain it. Farmers can procure seed and try it themselves. Dr. Sawyer, from ten years' experience in Blackwell's Island hospital, spoke very strongly against its general cultivation; he considered the dealer it was, the better. The habit of alcoholism is a desperate one, but it's a perfect heaven to opium-eating.

## PLUMS.

An Iowa farmer writes the club regarding the evil habit in the West to bud and graft the same plum on wild stock; for four or five years the graft grows. Sometimes we can get a crop of plums, but the limbs soon die. You break one off, the inside appears to be

punky, or of no substance; there seems to be a lack of affinity in the two varieties, and they don't make good hard bearing wood.

## STOVE PIPE.

A simple contrivance for uniting the different lengths or joints of stove pipe; the principle is similar to that of many preserving-jars on which the cover fits very loosely, but by turning part awry around, binds firmly upon a thread or bead; does not cost more than ordinary pipe, and appears a meritorious invention.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

## A Ball Supper at the Tuilleries—The Empress Eugenie's Abyssinian Page.

The Empress of the French appears to be partial to colored servitors. Formerly she had a Nubian page, and on his death, some time ago, she took a young Abyssinian into her service; a clever, intelligent lad, who already speaks French tolerably well, and is a skillful conductor of a velocipede. It is one of the daily duties of this youth to stand immediately behind the Empress's chair at dinner, in front of the line of tall, fresh-colored, clean-shaven, powdered lacquys in green, scarlet, and gold liveries who encircle the Imperial dining-table, and it is this incident which forms the subject of one of our illustrations. The engraving adjoining this is a view of the Galerie de Diane, in the Palace of the Tuilleries, on the occasion of a grand ball and supper given by her Imperial Majesty.

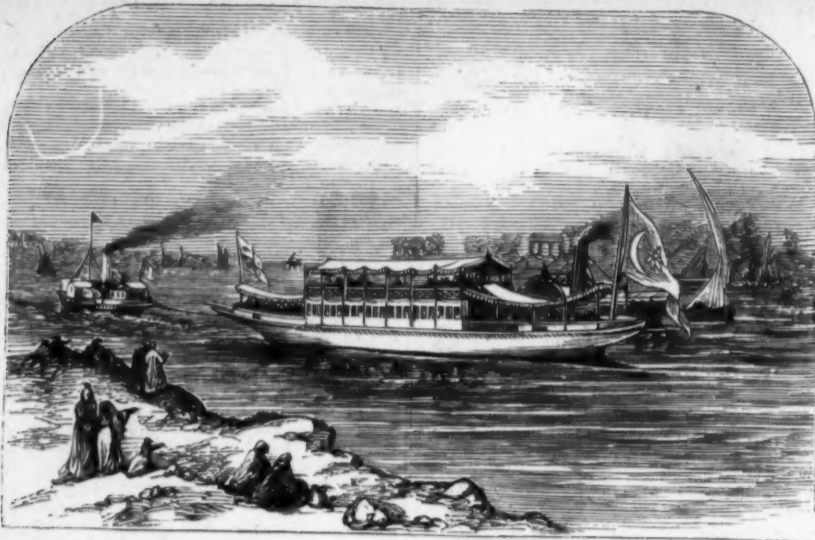
## Slave Dhows, East Coast of Africa.

One of our engravings represents the running on shore of an Arab slave-dhow, in order to escape capture by H. M. S. Daphne, whose lifeboat is seen landing through a heavy surf, in the endeavor to rescue the slaves. The Arabs engaged in the slave trade, when they find escape impossible, prefer risking the lives of their slaves and wrecking their vessel to being captured by a British ship, and many lives are frequently lost in the attempt to run ashore. From the information received from liberated Africans, it appears that the Arabs impress upon their wretched slaves the necessity of using their utmost endeavors to prevent themselves falling into the hands of the white men, who, they say, are little better than cannibals. On the present occasion only seven little children were rescued, who, when the main body, consisting of about one hundred and eighty men, women, and children, fled inland, were unable to keep up with them. Our illustration of this scene shows H. M. S. Daphne in the offing, with two dhows in tow, captured the previous day. A second engraving represents the capture of one of these by the ship's cutter.

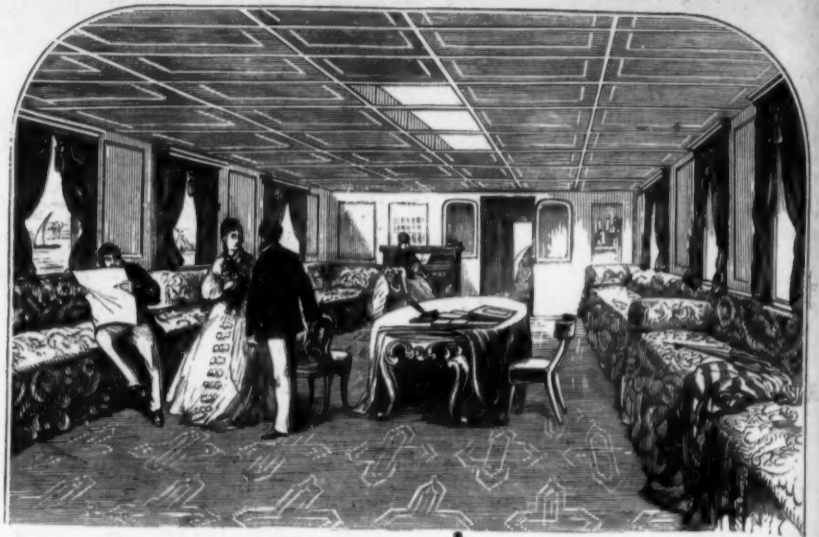
## The Prince and Princess of Wales in Egypt.

The arrival of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Cairo, on Wednesday, the 3d ult., their reception by the Viceroy of Egypt, and the accommodation prepared for them in his Palace of Esbekieh, and in the state barge, or dahabieh, equipped by his order for their voyage up the Nile, are the subjects of several of our illustrations in the present number. The royal party arrived at the viceregal Palace of Kasr-en-Nil at ten minutes past five, P. M. The Viceroy, attended by his ministers, received his guests upon the platform, about thirty yards from the garden entrance of the palace. Mr. Reade, late British Consul at Cairo, his successor, Mr. Rogers, and the Consular staff, with Mrs. Stanton and a few other ladies, were present at the reception. The Prince of Wales wore the scarlet uniform of a general officer, with the star and sash of the Order of the Medjidieh, and the collar and badge of the Order of the Bath. The Viceroy of Egypt wore a blue frock coat, richly laced with gold, and the insignia of the Order of the Osmanli. He had a diamond-hilted scimitar by his side. The prince and princess were attended by the Hon. Mrs. Grey, Lord Carrington, Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale, Major Ellis, the Hon. Captain Montagu, Dr. Winter, and Mr. O. W. Brierley, with Sir S. W. Baker. The Viceroy gave his arm to the Princess of Wales, and introduced her to Mrs. Stanton, to Mr. Reade, the Consul, Mr. Rogers, the new Consul, and the principal pashas present. Ibrahim Pasha gave his arm to Mrs. Grey, and the party went through the garden into the palace, where an address from the English residents was presented by Mr. F. Ayrton. Attached to the palace is a very large barrack, forming three sides of a square, the Nile forming the other side; and here were a fine body of the Viceroy's soldiers and some cavalry lining the enclosure; and it was an animated sight to see the royal party drive off in their carriages, with the picturesque zouave uniform of the cavalry escort. The Viceroy having handed the prince and princess into their appointed carriage, himself entered, taking the front seat, which was remarked as an extraordinary act of courtesy on his part to his guests. He accompanied them to a palace prepared for their accommodation in the Esbekieh, where, having seen the prince and princess comfortably lodged, he left them. The newly-built palace of Esbekieh, which the Viceroy intends for a gift to one of his family, had been sumptuously decorated and furnished, with huge mirrors and chandeliers in the saloons, and with four-posted bedssteads of silver in the sleeping-chamber of the royal guests. In the evening the prince and princess went to the theatre, where the Viceroy was waiting to receive them. The Duke of Sutherland, the gentlemen with him, and those in the suite of the prince, were invited, and occupied three of the boxes, and the house was filled by the *elite* of Cairo and by the officers of state; but there was no state ceremonial and no show of fine dresses. Facing the box occupied by the Viceroy and the prince and princess, there were three boxes fenced in by gilt lattice-work from top to bottom; but a certain play of light and shade was visible to the outside world which showed the interiors were not empty. The side of the latticed retreat which was nearest the box occupied by some of the suite was fortified by a sort of mat placed against the lattice-work soon after the play began. The river barge, or dahabieh, fitted up for the Nile voyage, is named the Skandria, or Alexandria, in compliment to her Royal Highness. Its interior forms a suite of rooms fitted up as the private apartments of the prince and princess during the trip up the Nile. There is no engine on board to propel this barge, nor any cooking apparatus, so that the vessel is free from many of the discomforts of steamboat traveling. The steamer which takes the dahabieh in tow contains the accommodation for the staff, and a third steamer carries the *curtains*. The interior of the dahabieh is very elegantly furnished. The divans are covered with blue silk, and a piano gives quite a drawing-room look to the saloon. There are five steamers appointed to go with the party; two of these, as already explained, are for the prince and his suite; another is for the Duke of Sutherland and his party; the fourth is for a pasha.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 51.



THE DAHABIEH, OR NILE BOAT, FOR THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, TRAVELING IN EGYPT.



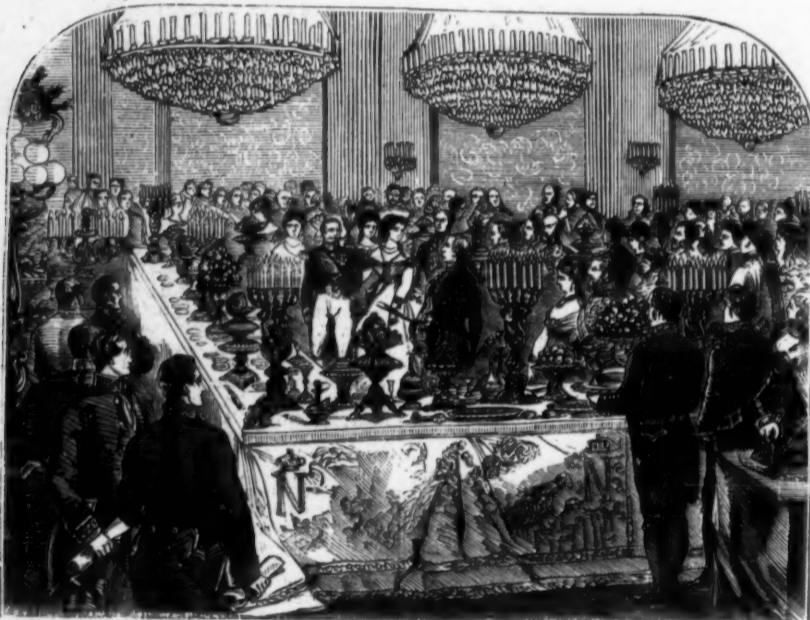
SALOON OF THE DAHABIEH, OR NILE BOAT.



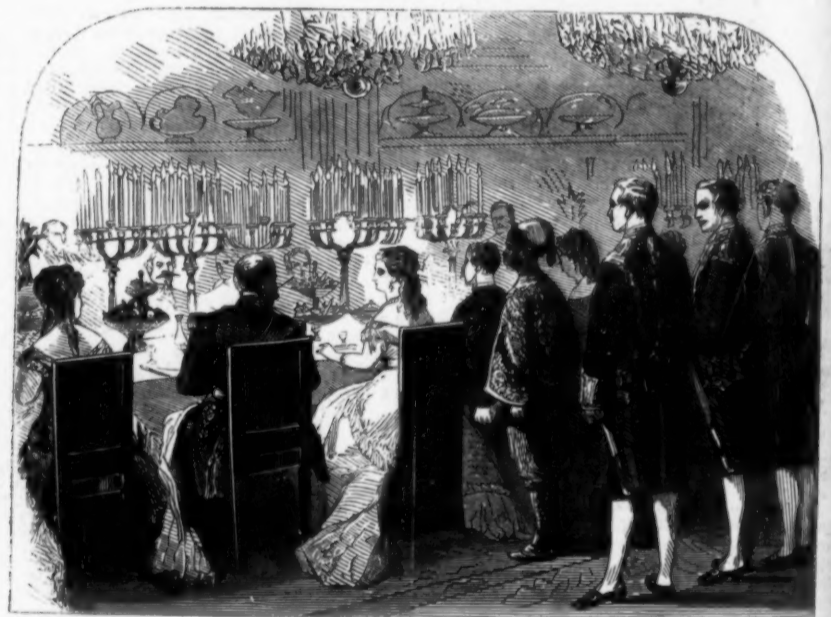
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN EGYPT—THEIR RECEPTION BY THE VICEROY, AT CAIRO.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN EGYPT—THE PALACE OF ESBKIEH, THE RESIDENCE OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES AT, CAIRO.



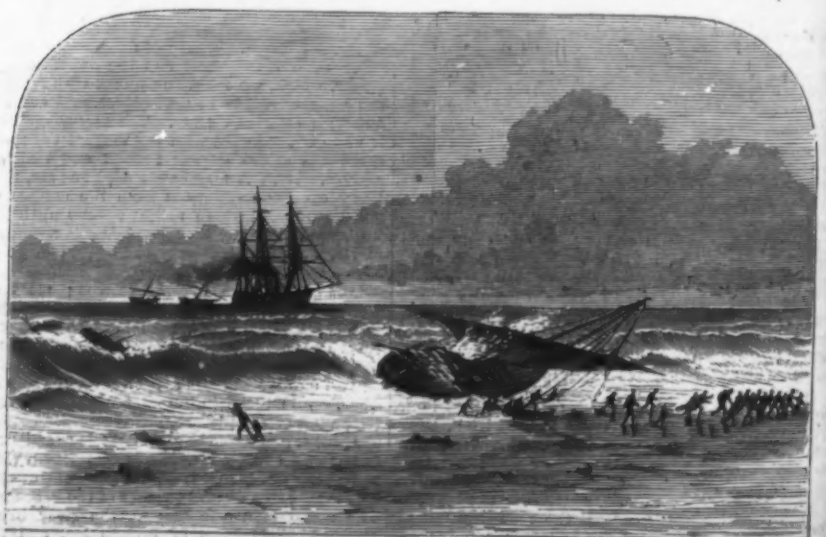
BALL SUPPER IN THE GALERIE DE DIANE, AT THE TUILERIES, PARIS.



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S NEW ABYSSINIAN PAGE.



THE CUTTER OF H. M. S. DAPHNE CAPTURING A SLAVE-DHOW OFF PROBA, EAST COAST OF AFRICA.



RUNNING ON SHORE OF A SLAVE DHOW TO ESCAPE CAPTURE.

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FIRST LUTHER  
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## A DELUSION.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL,  
AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER."

IMAGINATION, bright, insidious foe,  
Trailing thy glistening phantoms thro' the brain;  
Thou dazzling mist! betraying to delight  
The eager soul with fairy views, half seen  
Beyond a chasm by rainbow arches bound;  
Which broken by a leap, ere midway spent,  
Sinks us in the unreasoned depths of woe!

ASKAROS KASSIS,  
THE COPT.

## A ROMANCE OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY EDWIN DE LEON,  
LATE U. S. CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

## CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

SLOWLY Edith's eyes unclosed. Languidly she raised her drooping head from the supporting arm of her aunt, and said wearily:

"Why, what has happened to me? I never faint before. The last thing I remember was the sound of such sweet music! It seemed to come from aerial harps, touched by the fingers of angels. Oh, such beautiful sights! processions of fairies and beautiful beings that beckoned me to come; but I seemed spellbound and could not move. I never felt such strange sensations before; and now I feel weak and weary, and so drowsy."

And the fair young head sunk passively back once more, and the eyes closed in quiet slumber.

"Bear her quietly in," said the Copt, pityingly, "and let her repose an hour. Then she will be perfectly well again. We Egyptians understand this serpent fascination, which you Western people deride as visionary and unreal; though I have heard in America also it is not unknown. But wait a moment and I will arrange this matter better."

Turning to one of the Arab *sais*, who had charge of the donkeys, he gave some hurried orders in Arabic. Both of them started off at a round trot, and soon returned with a rude litter, on which they placed the sleeping girl, and trotted off again up a broad avenue that led to the house; Miss Pricilla resuming her donkey and accompanying them.

The men walked slowly after; and Askaros, turning to Mr. Van Camp, said:

"I owe you, sir, an explanation and an apology—an assurance that I never dreamed of the



ASKAROS KASSIS.—"THE BLUE EYES WERE GAZING INTO THE DARK ORBITS OF A YOUNG GIRL KNEELING NEAR HER."

peculiar cry, both of which you heard practiced with success on the truant who appeared, and really was, so menacing to us. This is a strange land of ours, and there are many strange things in it which we ourselves would vainly attempt to explain. But we cannot shut our eyes to things we see around us, although they are opposed to probability, or are in defiance to natural laws, and to established principles."

"Is the cobra, then, a very venomous snake?" inquired Harry.

"Most venomous; to any than those possessing the spell, or secret of which I speak, his bite is certain and speedy death," was the answer.

Mr. Van Camp shuddered at the idea of the peril his darling had so narrowly escaped, and felt yet more grateful to her preserver. For he believed truly, that nothing but the coolness and self-possession of the young Egyptian had averted the danger; and he further believed, that he had been prepared to risk his own life for hers, had the cobra made his spring. Askaros divined what was passing in the old man's mind, and changed the topic, as well as the current of his thoughts.

"Come, let us not dwell on such a disagreeable theme," he said. "The Eastern philosophy is to live in and enjoy the present, and leave past and future in the hands of Allah, our God, as well as theirs. 'Kismet,' or fatalism is their buckler and sword against all the ills of life, and submission to it their religion. Let us borrow this philosophy: and you, my friends, forgetting the unwelcome and uninvited guest now disposed of, turn your thoughts to the novelties I am about to show you in the way of an Eastern house and an Eastern entertainment. For see, here we have safely arrived at my own threshold at last. Enter, and consider the house and all it contains your own!"

## CHAPTER IV.—A DINNER A LA TURQUE.

THE dwelling of the Copt, which stood in the midst of this garden, had, in fact, formerly been a favorite palace of Ibrahim Pasha, the warrior son of Mehemet Ali. This prince had swept like a conquering flame over Syria, returned to Egypt, acted as Regent during the madness which darkened the last days of Mehemet Ali, and died before him—Abbas assuming the Regency until the death of his grandfather. The estate of Ibrahim Pasha had been divided among his heirs, and, as usual, his palaces had been sold. This one was purchased by the father of Askaros, who, in addition to his hereditary wealth, had accumulated a large fortune by bold and successful speculations; having figured in the rôle of Eastern merchant and banker on a grand scale, and as one of the millionaires of Cairo.

The external appearance of this vast pile—built of granite stripped from the larger Pyramids, as are many of the more solid buildings of Cairo—was more imposing than pleasing. It was in the old Saracenic style, with massive walls rising sheer up, with no door or windows below to relieve the frowning exterior—only broken higher up by a kind of covered balcony, with lattice-work of wood curiously carved and interlaced, admitting light and air. Standing, or sitting, behind these lattices, the male or female inmates could see all passers outside, and themselves remain unseen.

Nothing but this blank wall presented itself from the exterior. The dome rose into a cupola, from which stretched away long wings on either side, making the building very spacious, while very gloomy-looking. The tourists could see no door by which to enter; but their guide and host, applying a clumsy wooden key to a small orifice in the wall, shot back a wooden bolt within, and a small wicket-door swung back. Through this they entered a large square court,

with the palace built around it, the interior space being open to the top of the cupola, which let in light through small ovals of glass stained all colors.

A sort of colonnade, like the cloisters of a convent, ran around it, under the projection of the second floor of the building, with benches or rude divans, which served the purpose of seats by day, and of sleeping-places by night, for the inferior servants of the household; for, while in Europe the domestics occupy the highest story of the house, in the East they occupy the ground-floor. Day and night the *Bowab*, or porter, sits or sleeps inside of the gate leading to the entrance of the house. The *Bowab* of this establishment was an ancient *Berberi*, with a white beard, and his sole duty was to guard the gate—an institution we recognize, in a refined shape, in the French *concierge*.

A broad flight of marble steps led up to the first floor, and, removing the heavy silk curtains, which were the substitute for a door, Askaros ushered his guests into an apartment more truly Oriental than any they had yet seen. It was a very long room, its lofty ceilings ornamented with the most elaborate wood-work, covered with tracery of the most exquisite patterns—the beauty of the work and the minuteness of its finish being something marvelous. The walls were of a sort of mosaic of inlaid wood, as were the floors, polished until as slippery as glass, with narrow strips of the richest Persian carpet running round the room to walk upon; heavy rugs of the same Persian looms being placed before each of the low divans, occupying alternate niches in the wall of the apartment.

These divans were of the most luxurious description; low—not elevated more than six inches from the floor—broad and deep, and covered with rich silk brocade. A profusion of down pillows, covered in the same way, was strewn over each of them.

In one corner of the apartment stood a shining brazier of burnished brass, resting on a low tripod. This was intended for the reception of burning charcoal, at such rare times as the coldness of winter rendered a fire necessary, and constituted the sole substitute, in any Egyptian house, for the European grate. This, with the divans, constituted the furniture of the room, save a few *koorsies*, or hexagonal stands of rich wood—about two feet in height, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl squares—intended for resting small trays of refreshments, or glasses of sherbet.

In the very centre of the room was a marble fountain, with its broad basin, into which slowly trickled a stream of pure water through a graceful swan's head carved in marble; for, as it was winter, the fountain was not in full play. In summer it threw up large eels of water, that descended into the basin in graceful spray, and cooled the atmosphere delightfully.



REV. IRVING MAGEE, A. M., PASTOR FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH OF DAYTON, OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. H. BOEHME.—SEE PAGE 55.

"This is our reception-room," said Askaros, "and here is my father, to whom I will present you. Unfortunately, he is an Egyptian of the old school, and neither speaks, nor understands any of the European languages."

There were no windows of the ordinary kind in this apartment, but at a height of perhaps twenty feet, were several large latticed casements without glass, to admit both light and air, with movable silk curtains, which by a cord could regulate the supply of each. Following the direction of the host's eyes through the obscurity of the darkened room, the travelers saw at the divan, at its other end, what seemed a large bundle of silk, surmounted by a snowy beard. This bundle rose and advanced toward them, displaying the figure and face of a tall and venerable old man, darker in complexion, and more rugged in feature than the young Copt, yet bearing strong resemblance to him.

The old man was dressed in the ancient Copt costume—a voluminous



FIRST LUTHERAN CHURCH OF DAYTON, OHIO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. H. BOEHME.—SEE PAGE 55.

possibility of such peril to your daughter in these gardens. They are too carefully overlooked, to permit the presence of such venomous things without our knowledge. This cobra had evidently escaped from one of the snake-charmers, whose note of recall doubtless saved a sad catastrophe. The sound that attracted him, you, of course, heard, and he is by this time in safe custody again."

"Snake-charmers!" said Mr. Van Camp; "who and what are they? And are there really men who venture to keep terribly poisonous snakes like that as familiars?"

"Yes; we have a class who claim—and do possess—the power of attracting these venomous reptiles," replied the Copt. "They enjoy a perfect immunity from the poison of serpents. I have, myself, seen them on the desert charming a cobra from his hole, and handling him with perfect unconcern. But what their secret, their spell, or their antidote may be, is known only to themselves."

"But how do they charm them? In what way?"

"By music and a



THE MOVED PRAIRIES, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—SEE PAGE 56.

minous turban of snowy muslin, a close-fitting under-vest of striped Syrian silk, over a snowy shirt, with a long, loose, and colored silk gown, open only to the waist, and there girded with a heavy silken sash. Red slippers, with pointed toes, completed the costume.

He advanced and greeted his son's guests with that mixture of grace and dignity so common among the Orientals, motioning them to take seats on the divans near him, and reserving the place of honor, next himself, for the eldest of the party, Mr. Van Camp. He was a venerable-looking man—apparently of great age, but neither the fire of his eye was dimmed, nor much of his natural force abated. Pipes and coffee were immediately brought in by the attendants, and furnished a pleasant substitute for conversation—the son in the East considering it respectful to remain silent in the father's presence, and the father being unable to converse except through an interpreter. In this manner the old man said to Mr. Van Camp:

"My daughter is attending to yours. I have just received a message stating that she is quite restored, and that they will soon join us. For you know that we are Christians, and do not veil our women, except in public, nor prevent strangers, properly introduced, from seeing them."

Then the whole party puffed vigorously at narghleh, or chibouque, exchanging but a few words, and in low tones. Then attendants came in, bearing trays, on which were sweetmeats in a large saucer; each guest took up one of the many spoons upon the tray, dipped it in the saucer, took a mouthful of the confection, then laid down the spoon. Glasses of sherbet, lemonade and different colored liquids, were also proffered from time to time, as were *angans*, or egg-shell cups, of delicious Mocha coffee.

In this way an hour passed; and thus we will leave them, while, making use of the spell-words that opened the cave for Ali Baba, we penetrate into the *Harem*, or Women's Apartments, on the floor above, in the western wing of the palace, and see who the fair inmates are, and how employed. Passing up the stairway—which, on this flight was narrower and built of stone instead of marble, and taking a few steps through an ante-chamber, we pass under a crimson silk curtain into a long, narrow apartment, slightly smaller than that below, but finished and furnished much in the same style. This room is one of a *suite*. Divans are scattered around it, and the marks of female occupancy are distinctly visible in the oval mirrors, combs and brushes scattered over the *koorsets*, or little pearl-inlaid stands already described.

On one of the divans, half-reclining, half-supported by the silken pillows, was stretched the graceful form of Edith. The languor of her late swoon had almost passed from the expressive face, and the blue eyes were gazing into the dark orbits of a young girl kneeling near her, with her elbows resting on the divan, and a gaze of mixed curiosity and shyness fixed upon the fair stranger. This was the young El Warda, the adopted daughter of the elder Askaros, whose face and figure, while equally lovely and attractive, contrasted singularly with those of the American girl.

She was a true Eastern beauty—a type of the women who, though "soft as the roses they twine" to all outward appearance, yet conceal under that lazy languor passions volcanic in their fierceness, when once awakened by love or jealousy. Although scarcely more than a girl in years, her face and form had the ripened maturity of perfect womanhood; for in the East all fruits ripen far earlier than in colder climes, and women mature and fade more rapidly too. The girl who now knelt by Edith's divan was really but fourteen years of age, but she seemed six years older; for her full little form was fully developed, and the neck and bust molded in perfect symmetry. Her face was round and full—and the warm kisses of the Syrian sun had given a deep brown tint to the skin, which was yet clear and smooth, with a rich sunset glow suffusing it. Her eyes—large, almond-shaped, and lustrous, with an expression of dreamy melancholy in them—would have given an air of indecision to the countenance, but for the long firm slope of chin and lower jaw, which told of resolute will. The features were refined, small and chiseled; the lips full, pouting and voluptuous.

She wore a tight-fitting crimson velvet jacket, richly worked in gold, over a white satin chemise, likewise heavily embroidered, and with a row of small gold buttons up the front, which was cut very low, and open enough to display much of the lovely neck and bosom. She also wore a *shintyais*, or pair of full Turkish trousers of rich silk, and falling loosely over these was a straight skirt, or petticoat, of the same material, which terminated in a train behind, and gave much the same effect as the European skirt. Round the slender waist passed a golden girdle. The perfectly shaped little feet were thrust into dainty little slippers, and on her head was set a little round cap; both cap and slippers being of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold to match the jacket. Her lustrous black hair, soft and fine as silk, but in thick and heavy masses, was plaited and hanging down her back in two long braids, the ends being fastened with gold coins, pearls, and bright bits of ribbon.

Both in face and figure, dress and carriage, she presented a most striking contrast to the blonde Edith; and even a greater one to the spare spinster, whose angular proportions were unrelieved by crinoline, and whose bombazine dress clung to her thin figure with affectionate tenacity.

Though far from ungraceful in her movements, there was a startled shyness about the girl that made her almost seem awkward, in spite of the natural undulations of her little form. She resembled rather a half-tamed fawn, half-sportive, half-terrified, than a well-conditioned young lady.

The orphan child of a near relative, adopted by the elder Askaros many years before, when the absence of his son in Europe made a void in his house and heart he found it necessary

to fill, El Warda had gradually grown to be considered a real daughter by him, and a sister by the young man. Whether it was a sisterly affection which brought the hot blood to her face whenever the name of the latter was mentioned, or his step sounded on the stairs, she herself would have found it difficult to tell, for she was as yet too young, too happy, too inexperienced, to analyze her own sentiments and emotions. Her education had been perfected by an old Frenchwoman, long resident in the East, and she had thus obtained some information on general topics, and a sufficient mastery of French to speak it fluently, and chat away with Edith, in a shy, constrained manner at first, but finally in a more cordial and unreserved strain.

During this careless talk—in which Edith asked questions and El Warda answered them—the young American first learned, to her surprise, how utterly different and repugnant were an Eastern and a Western woman's ideas both of propriety and of pleasure. For the native Christian of the East, though differing in faith from the Mussulman, yet carries into his life, manners and morals, many of the peculiar customs and prejudices of the Turk, especially as regards his estimate and treatment of women.

With all of them the woman occupies a subordinate position; is not regarded as an equal or a companion, so much as a plaything, to be petted in the homes of the higher—a kind of upper servant in the households of the middle classes. The wife of the Copt, Armenian, Syrian, or Greek Christian, brings in with her own hands the tray of refreshments, and, after meekly serving guest and husband, retires or remains quietly in a corner, without expecting to be addressed, or to take part in the conversation. If spoken to, she glances at her husband to respond for her; and seems so fearfully embarrassed, no stranger repeats a second time the well-meant but painful politeness.

When these women go abroad, they also veil themselves, and it is considered a high compliment for a strange man, even in the house, to be permitted a sight of the face of an unmarried woman.

El Warda had, however, obtained some information as to the habits and manners of the Western women from her old French governess; and to Edith's surprise and amusement, plied her with questions such as an intelligent child might be supposed to ask. Miss Primmins, who understood no language but her own, and who was troubled with dire apprehensions concerning a cramp in what she termed her "limb," in consequence of the unaccustomed contraction of that member, from sitting crouched so long upon the divan, sniffed audibly and defiantly, as she breathed an inward vow never again to subject herself to such trials.

There were several female servants, black and coffee-colored, standing in respectful postures and absolute silence around the room, and one of these, now approaching El Warda, informed her that the dinner awaited only the coming of the ladies.

Passing down the steps and turning into a small but lofty apartment adjoining the great saloon of reception, they found the party already awaiting them, and the ceremony of a dinner *à la Turque* commenced. But as there was no table visible, nor any preparation for dining, our travelers were greatly mystified.

In the centre of the room, however, Edith observed a large *souffra*, or stand, around which were ranged cushions to the number of their party. Upon an invitation from Askaros, she seated herself upon one of these, El Warda taking that next to her, and the rest of the party assuming their places, with the exception of Miss Primmins. She, indeed—through the double apprehension of poison and of cramps—strenuously resisted all invitations to join the circle, alleging sudden indisposition as her excuse.

The party being seated, a slave passed noiselessly around, distributing rich damask napkins with gold borders, which each guest—following the example of his host—gravely tucked, bibb-like, around his neck. Then two other slaves followed, one bearing a large silver basin with perforated bottom and a reservoir beneath, and carrying on his arm a very soft and fleecy Turkish towel; the other holding a large silver pitcher of fresh water.

Instructed what to do, Edith first held out her hands over the basin while the slave poured water over them—the Easterns, with a refinement of cleanliness we might well imitate, always washing hands and face in running water. Then, when she had dried her hands upon the towel, the slave sprinkled a few drops of rose-water, or other delicate perfume over them. The same ceremony was gone through by all the party; and then there the slave deposited a large silver tray upon the *souffra*, round which the guests sat. This was the soup, which was served in little bowls, a large, round and flat piece of bread being also placed before each guest, like a plate. The soup finished, the next dish was brought in.

"Behold your dinner!" said Askaros.

The guests looked, but their faces lengthened perceptibly, for this dish was only a young lamb, roasted whole.

Nearly turning up his right sleeve, the master of the house, with his thumb and finger, tore deftly off large flakes of the flesh, and deposited them upon the pieces of bread before each guest, that being the only plate furnished; and for knife and fork only those that nature had provided for the primitive man. The lamb was roasted with pistachio nuts, and was tender and delicious in flavor. It struck the strangers with wonder to see how skillfully and how gracefully the old man managed this peculiar carving, and how daintily he selected the best tit-bits for his neighbors. But what astonished them still more was the perfect cleanliness with which the Egyptians ate, while the Europeans presented greasy faces and greasy fingers, too.

Upon tearing open the lamb, by seizing his two fore legs, the opening disclosed a roasted turkey; tearing open the turkey, behold a roasted fowl; and within the fowl a pigeon was

discovered! Then the guests supposed the tale was told. But no! Within the pigeon was an egg in the shell. Surely it is over now, thought the guests. But fresh surprise awaited them, for on breaking the egg, in the very centre was a ring, of the rich uncut ruby, more prized in Egypt than the diamond. This, with courtly grace, the venerable host proceeded to place upon the finger of Edith, despite her protestations and reluctance at accepting a gift she knew must be of such great value. But Askaros having assured her his father would feel both hurt and offended if she persisted in her refusal, she felt compelled to accept the princely offering.

A brief pause ensued, after these labors of the table, before the second course—consisting of an infinite variety of made dishes, cooked with a skill and cunning that astonished the strangers—succeeded. Then came sweets and ices.

The banquet was concluded by the appearance of the head-cook, bearing in his arms a great palace in confectionery; which as a work of art rivaled anything they had seen before—the Easterns being as perfect in their manufacture of such things as even the best French *chefs*.

At a sign from his master, a slave handed Edith a long willow wand; and at the same instant El Warda rose from the cushion next Edith, and passed to the other end of the room, where the ancient spinster sat chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and watching the proceedings with mingled sensations of suspicion, scorn, and curiosity, sharpened by hunger, which the savory fumes from the dishes had aggravated.

Edith took the wand, and prompted by Askaros, struck smartly one of the towers of the castle of confectionery. It fell in fragments, but the girl started back in alarm, for something living struggled out from those fragments with a whirring of wings, and a snow-white bird rose into the air above their heads. Circling around the table, it hovered over them, and finally settled down on the left shoulder of Edith, pressing its soft head caressingly against her cheek. She saw it was a beautiful carrier-pigeon, and commenced to fondle it, and smooth its ruffled plumes. But the bird seemed restless, and pecked at her gently with its beak, as though impatient, and seeking to attract her attention.

"He brings a message from the Genii," said Askaros; "or, as you would say, from the Queen of the Fairies. If you wish to find it, detach the ribbon from his neck."

The girl obeyed, and when the ribbon was detached, she drew by it, from under the carrier's wing, a small, silken bag. Opening this, she saw a scroll of white satin, with Arab characters emblazoned upon it in gilded letters.

"Translate it for me!" she cried; and Askaros repeated:

"This house and all it contains is yours. *Salaam Aleikoum!* (Peace be with you). Search again in the bag," he added; "there may be something more."

As she plunged her fingers into it, they encountered a hard substance, and, drawing them out, she saw what resembled two lockets of gold. On the back of each, in a circle of precious stones, were traced Arabic letters—set in the front of each a dull yellow stone, not unlike an amethyst, but more cloudy and less brilliant.

"The Arabic letters," explained Askaros, "are your name and your aunt's. These are amulets to be worn over the heart as a protection against the Evil eye—the stones come from Mecca. This is a Turkish superstition, and yet, I regret to say, that most of the native Christians, and even many of the foreigners who have been long here, believe in it. Will your aunt and yourself condescend to accept them, in my father's name, as souvenirs of the honor you have done him by this visit to-day?"

"Really," said the young girl, smiling, as her aunt, coming forward, accepted the gift in her own and her niece's name, and both bowed their acknowledgments to the elder Askaros, who bent low his head and laid his hand upon his heart—"Really I shall begin to believe that this is an enchanted castle, and that you are a fairy prince, and your father the old Caliph, Haroun, in disguise. But tell me one thing; how came the bird to perch on my shoulder, in preference to another's?"

"Nothing more simple," responded the young man. "He was trained to perch on El Warda's shoulder, and a small red ribbon, which you will now see pinned on yours, was his lure where to perch. El Warda left her cushion by your side, not to confuse him."

"Very clever dodge, by Jove!" said Sir Charles. "That really did puzzle me. Perfect sell! Begun to believe myself that our charming host and his venerable father were a pair of wizards, and might fly away with the ladies through the top of the roof. But my fears are now dispelled. Pity to spoil the romance of it by an explanation, however. Curse of the age everywhere!"

The slaves now approached once more with basin and goblet, and the same ceremony of bathing in running water, which had prefaced the dinner, closed it.

Then the head of the household gravely rose, his flowing robes and long white beard giving him the dignity of a patriarch, and extending his hands, asked a blessing in Arabic for all around the board.

Then all his guests rose also, the female portion reascending to the upper apartments, where sherbet and coffee were served; the men reclining at ease on the luxurious divans, and inhaling the fragrant latakia, or stronger tobacco of Persia, from chibouque and narghleh—the latter made of silver inlaid with gold, in rich arabesque of fruit and foliage traced upon the stands. They were four feet high, and the bowls, containing rose-water, were made in some of them of ostrich eggs set in silver, and their flexible tubes were ten feet in length.

It was near midnight when the whole party

returned to the *Hotel d'Orient*, bewildered and delighted by the strange scenes that had passed under their eyes during the last few hours. But before they left the house the younger Copt had laughingly said:

"I have kept my promise, and given you an entertainment thoroughly *à la Turque*. Such is the way our people habitually live; such is the ordinary life of my father's family, but with one exception. Such is not my life; for, as the spoiled child of the household, I am allowed the privilege of living *à la Franque*, as they term it, or like a European. The jealous temper of Abbas Pasha, our Viceroy, and his hatred of everything European, make conformity to Eastern usage in dress and mode of life essential as well as politic."

Lifting the curtain of the door, he passed out, followed by the foreigners, and led the way through many long and winding passages, that indicated the vast extent of the building. Suddenly applying a key to a small, low door, he passed another narrow passage, and, lifting a curtain, displayed a spacious suite of rooms. They consisted of parlor, library, bed and bath-rooms, and were perfect and elegant in details of appointment, being fitted up in the most luxurious European style.

"This is my home," he said. "Here I venture to assume my English habits and tastes, with my English toilet and studies. I should otherwise have relapsed into a barbarian, as have many of my old classmates since their return from Eton. So you see, my friends, I live two lives—an outer and an inner one. To-day shall be marked in my calendar with a white stone, for to-day Europe has come to me, instead of my pretending thus to go to it."

#### CHAPTER V.—AN EGYPTIAN VICEROY IN PUBLIC.

ABDAS PASHA, grandson of Mehemet Ali, sat on the throne built up and cemented by the craft, cruelty and courage of his great progenitor; so aptly termed the "Napoleon of the East."

The line thus far had been an ominous one; the race seemed destined to be as fated as was the old classic house of Pelops, in the Greek tradition, on which the Gods had hailed down all and every species of woe and horror, and all those ghastly terrors which have come down to us through the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides.

For the visitation of God had first fallen upon the great head of the house himself, in the fearful doom of madness; and the chosen instrument of that visitation was said to have been none other than his own daughter, Nezi Khanum—an Egyptian Helen of Troy—for from her hand came the love-philter which was to renew his waning powers, but which shattered his reason. The evening of the great monarch's eventful life alternated between moody melancholy and violent insanity, until he was deposed, and his son, Ibrahim Pasha, made Viceroy over the kingdom.

Ibrahim did not long survive his new dignity. Whether from his excesses—or from poison as many supposed—the warrior's funeral procession followed close upon the pageant of his installation; and Abbas Pasha became Regent for a few months, till death released his grandfather, and made him Viceroy in name, as well as in fact.

The father of Abbas had met even a more tragic fate than his sire. Sent to subdue the fierce Wahabees of the Soudan, he had been captured, and burned to death, over a fire of green wood, by those implacable fanatics, who boast themselves the only true followers of the prophet, and are aptly styled the "Puritans of the East." Cruelly was this savage act avenged; for Mehemet Ali sent the *Defterdar*, surnamed "The Tiger," the husband of Nezi Khanum, to carry fire and sword through the Soudan; a commission he fulfilled with all the bloodthirst of the fierce wild beast whose name and nature he shared. He, too, was said to have perished from poison administered by the fair, but fatal hand of his beautiful spouse—a tigress fiercer and more fell than her savage mate.

So when Abbas Pasha ascended that throne, reeking already with blood and crime, and tainted with the sickly odor of poison, well might he suspect and fear those who should have been nearest and dearest to him in blood and affection; and have watched for his deadliest foes among his own kindred. Popular superstition also had centred upon him as one possessed by the "evil eye"—considered a fatal gift in the East; and whispered predictions of the dreadful doom awaiting him were already made.

And the character and nature of Abbas were such as to allow bad seed to swiftly germinate and fructify. Sullen and suspicious, grasping at and hoarding wealth, solitary as some wild beast of the desert—he was known only to his people from his exactions and his cruelties; for his was truly a "Reign of Terror," in which neither the life, liberty, nor property of any subject was safe. His nominal Suzerain, the Sultan, had really no control over his powerful vassal, and seldom attempted to exert any, satisfied with the yearly tribute punctually paid. So Abbas was free to work his own wicked will over the fertile land, and over the people of Egypt, even as he listed. Such was the actual condition of the country, and such its sovereign at the period of this tale.

Some days subsequent to the visit to the house of the Copt, as the tourists were sitting at breakfast at the *Hotel d'Orient*, they were visited by their late host, who bore in his hand a bouquet of rare exotics, arranged with that skill which seems the special gift of the Eastern man. After presenting these to Edith, he informed his friends that on this day the formal presentation to the Viceroy of one of the newly-arrived foreign Consuls-General, was to take place at the former's palace, the *Helwan*. He proposed taking them to this ceremony, which would afford an opportunity of their seeing and being entertained by the Viceroy.

"I can only invite the gentlemen," he said, with a smile, "for you know, in the East, woman

has not yet emerged from the seclusion of the harem. She cannot figure in such ceremonies, as in more civilized countries—yours for example," he added, bowing low to Miss Primmins.

"Very true, young man," replied that ancient female, flattered by the appeal. "There never has been a governor inaugurated, nor a public meeting held at Faneuil Hall, to which the ladies of Boston were not welcomed by the gentlemen. Some even have gone so far as to speak in public! Now, I do not quite approve of that, nor of woman's voting—but, as nobody votes here, I suppose that doesn't matter."

"The ladies of Boston figure, too, in the learned professions, do they not?" asked Sir Charles; "preach, and practice law and medicine? Am I right?"

"Certainly they do! And why not?" responded the spinster.

"Oh, certainly! Why not?" responded the Englishman, carelessly; "*Cela dépend du goût*; but if I were a married man, Miss Primmins, even at Boston, I should seriously object to my wife's getting up at night to go out and see another man—professionally, or otherwise! I am not quite sure but our friends the Turks are quite right in putting some restraint on female liberty."

A wrathful answer rose to the lips of Miss Primmins, at thus hearing woman's rights and Boston theories so summarily disposed of; but she remembered it was a lord who spoke, and her reverence subdued her wrath. She sniffed, stiffened her spine, bit her tongue, and was silent, somewhat to the detriment of that useful organ.

Turning to the Van Camps, Askaros resumed: "You will naturally wish to know how it is in my power to give you this privilege, for such it is; and it will surprise you to learn that I am an employé of the Consulate, whose representative is to be received to-day. I am its official translator, not for the sake of the salary, but for the inestimable privilege of the protection it confers; for each and every employé, or official, of a foreign Consulate here, is by usage—which is stronger than law—entitled to claim and exact protection for person and property, even against the Viceroy himself. My having accepted this protection has greatly incensed the Viceroy, whose Government have thus far denied it. But I have strong friends in the Consulate," he added, "and shall go to-day, in spite of a warning from the Master-of-Ceremonies to the contrary. My family were great favorites with Mehmet Ali, under whom my father held high office. Hence we are hated by Abbas, who fears and suspects all who loved his grandfather."

The Americans and the Englishman listened in silence and with much surprise to this strange explanation, which showed them that other serpents than the cobra might lurk among the sunny pathways and rose-covered gardens through which, to the casual observer, the feet of the young Egyptian seemed destined to tread. But no further comment was made on either side; and—requesting them to be ready after midday to accompany him to the foreign Consulate, whence the procession was to move—the young man placed his hand over his heart, cast an admiring glance on Edith, and gracefully withdrew.

At midday he returned, and accompanied the party to the Consular residence, a large house fronting the *Ezbekieh*, with the national arms conspicuously painted on a shield over the doorway, and the national flag floating from a flagstaff high above the dwelling. For in the East each Embassy, or Consulate, protects the ground it covers by the virtue of its own flag, and is an inviolate asylum, free from all intrusion by the local authorities or the Egyptian Government.

Formal notice of the new Consul-General's intention of presenting his credentials had been given, and as formal an answer, in French, had been returned by "His Highness, the Viceroy," announcing the time and place fixed for such reception. The hour after midday was the time, and the place one of the Viceroy's numerous palaces at Cairo, called the *Helmea*. An hour before the time fixed for the reception, there arrived and passed before the Consulate-General a long line of carriages, escorted by some two hundred cavalry; the men and horses most gorgeously dressed and caparisoned, and the state carriages lined with crimson damask and blazoned with gilt decorations. From these carriages descended the Viceroy's Chamberlain and Introducer-of-Ambassadors, both of whom spoke French, and, on being introduced to the Consul-General by his dragoman, or interpreter, they announced, with much form and ceremony, that they had been sent to accompany and usher the foreign representative into the presence of their august master. Pipes and coffee were offered these officials, who partook of both, and then, expressing their readiness to set forth, the Consul-General, accompanied by his suite of Consular officials, some eight in number, was heralded out by two janizaries, or guards, magnificently attired and armed in Oriental fashion.

These ranked with captains in the Egyptian service, and were responsible to no one but their chief. In addition to their crooked Turkish scimitars with silver scabbards, they bore long white staffs, six feet long, tipped with silver, and having silver heads six inches in length; with which, preceding the Consul-General, they struck at every one who impeded the way, with the most reckless impartiality. The functionaries of the Viceroy seated the suite of the Consul-General, including several strangers whom he had invited, in the State carriages, according to precedence, and then the whole cavalcade, escorted by the cavalry, set out for the *Helmea*.

Slowly the cortège wound its way through the crooked, narrow, and crowded streets of Cairo; the people scattering right and left, as the wheels almost grazed them, and escaping from being crushed to death, or flattened into pancakes against the walls, by what seemed a

miracle. *Sala*, or couriers, armed with stout sticks, ran on before the horses' heads, and struck all who did not get quickly enough out of the way; so that they were followed by what seemed a chorus of curses, until reaching the palace gates. Here another troop of horsemen were drawn up to receive them; and, alighting in front of a most imposing structure, abounding in marble fountains and latticed windows, they ascended the broad steps, passed through long suites of spacious apartments—magnificently furnished in a *mélange* of Eastern and European splendor—and were ushered into the presence of Abbas Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt.

He was sitting on a divan, with his feet curled up under him in true Turkish fashion, as they entered, but rose and advanced a few steps forward to meet the Consul-General. As he did so he saluted, by placing his hand upon his brow, and courteously motioned his guest to take a seat by his side. The Turkish gentleman never shakes hands like the Englishman or American, nor embraces and kisses like the Frenchman or Italian. He salutes his friend by touching his own heart, lips and brow, with a gesture full of grace. The common Arab is more demonstrative. He seizes his friend's thumb and squeezes it; then slaps the other's open hand several times with his own. The ladies you are not expected to salute, as you are not supposed to be allowed the privilege of ever seeing them.

The Consul-General took the proffered seat by the Viceroy's side, his suite being assigned places on the divans at some little distance. Then he glanced curiously at his companion, and saw a man apparently of middle age, of swarthy complexion, and with little beard, short and stout of figure, with bloated, sensual face, and dull, cruel eyes—one to inspire distrust, not admiration. He wore the Eastern dress, but without ornaments, except that the tassel of the red *fez*, he wore instead of a turban, was looped up by a magnificent diamond; and on his finger sparkled a ruby of great size and value.

His manners, like those of all high-born Turks, were bland and polished; for in ease, courtesy and all that constitutes deportment, the Eastern certainly excels the Western man. He may be unable to read or write, his conversation consists of bald commonplaces about the weather, and the most agreeable part of the visit, after taking pipes and coffee, is the moment of departure; but Lord Chesterfield himself could not improve the manners of the courteous gentleman, who, in his inmost heart, looks upon you as less than the dust beneath his feet—as "a dog of an unbeliever!"

Abbas Pasha, unlike the rest of his family, knew no European language; so the conversation—after the formal reception speeches had been disposed of—passed through the interpreter, French being the medium of communication. This the interpreter translated into Turkish, the Court language, in preference to the Arabic. No one who has not tried it can tell how embarrassing it is to have his simple remark of its "being rather a warm day," gravely announced in French, to an obsequious gentleman covered with gold embroidery, who immediately dilutes it into Turkish for the edification of the Viceroy, who, through the same medium, and with many changes of tongue, solemnly responds "he thinks it is." Pipes and coffee, however, such as can never be had out of the East, agreeably fill up the intervals of conversation; for your Turk is a taciturn animal, and considers much talk undignified.

The pipes on this occasion were chibouques, with stems of jessamine, or cherry-wood, six feet in length—the mouth-pieces being amber, with circlets of precious stones. Some of the stems, also, had serpents of jewels winding round them. The *zarfs*, or coffee cup-holders, were also encrusted with diamonds and rubies; the cups themselves being egg-shells of porcelain, transparent as glass.

Having disposed of three relays of pipes and coffee—for as fast as one was finished, the silent, swift domestics replenished it—and having exchanged complimentary speeches with the Viceroy on their respective countries to mutual satisfaction, the Consul-General rose to go. Then, at a sign from his master, one of the officials rushed up and threw over his head a gilt cord, to which was attached a Damascus scimitar—thus investing him with the *sabre d'honneur*, as a compliment from the Viceroy. Thus doubly armed, for he wore his own Court sword as part of his uniform, the Consul-General exchanged parting salutations with the Viceroy, and passed into the courtyard.

Here he found the carriages and escort drawn up to receive him; and he also beheld a handsome horse, gayly and richly caparisoned—another gift from his princely entertainer. He had been previously notified that such was the usage on the presentation of a representative of one of the Great Powers; of which there were, in Egyptian reckoning, five only, England, France, Russia, Austria, and America—neither Prussia nor Italy having at that time risen to the dignity they have since obtained.

On returning to his Consulate, the new functionary found he was expected to pay for these gifts—not to the Viceroy, but the guard of honor—in the shape of customary presents to the amount of a hundred pounds sterling. This was distributed by his dragoman, according to a well-understood tariff, each officer and private receiving so much per head, and regarding it as not a favor but as a right—wrangling fiercely with the dragoman as to the amount, and paying not the slightest attention to the bleeding victim, who that day learned what Eastern presents cost.

Throughout the East this system of making presents and expecting much more valuable ones in return prevails, from the highest functionaries of the State to the lowest servants in your household. It is not improbable that the same system is sometimes adopted in the West also, but not so openly.

The demeanor of the Pasha throughout this

interview was not only dignified and courteous, but most flattering to the recipient, who had every reason to suppose he had produced a most favorable impression—no smiling and almost affectionate was the Viceroy's adieu. He therefore returned to receive his colleagues—who, according to etiquette, were to pay him a formal visit in full uniform and state—well satisfied with the potentate of Egypt and with himself.

## MEDICAL INFORMATION.

### HOW SHALL WE DRINK?

BY A. K. GARDNER, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF DISEASES OF FEMALES, NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE.

THE Jewish Rabbins have always held a different doctrine from the Apostle Paul, Father Matthew, Delevan, and teetotaler reformers generally. They declare with King David that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and that everything in it was created for man's use; that, while the prophets and lawgivers of Israel always denounced drunkenness, wine was always enumerated, with oil, etc., among the gifts of God, for which we were to be thankful, and to partake of at proper times and seasons.

Accepting this view, which is also supported by modern thought in the Christian ranks, the question comes up, How shall we drink? Last week we endeavored to point out some of the most obvious rules for the use of stimulants as medicine; we will now consider drinking in its commoner view—as a luxury, as an agreeable beverage, as a physical and mental stimulant, and an aid to sociality and good-fellowship.

It has been stated by heated partisans that spirit was not digested by the human stomach, but went into the blood, and was carried as pure spirit through the circulation, overtaking every organ, firing the brain, and after being thus deleteriously employed, without in any manner profiting the system, was eliminated by the excretories, and cast out of the body nearly or quite as it entered it.

Modern science has disposed of this erroneous statement, as it has many others, by recognizing that many persons have lived for continued years with very little food, its place having been supplied by spirit, which is digested or otherwise assimilated to the system; the emaciated and exhausted have been kept alive, in rare instances, by spirits alone. Nevertheless, alcohol, when taken in larger quantities than can be digested, does unquestionably enter the circulation in simple substance.

It must be remembered by those drinking wines and liquors, that when they put them into the stomach in any excess, that they must get out again, and that to do this some one or more of the organs are to be taxed with this work, and after being overtaxed, become diseased. Certain drink affect certain organs mainly. Whiskies, and more especially gin, are marked stimulants to the kidneys, and their excessive employment are apt to disorder these organs, produce diabetes, Bright's disease, and the like. Brandy acts on the liver, and congestions, hardenings and nodulations are the result of its overuse.

It is, therefore, desirable to change the variety of drink, so that an overworked organ may have opportunity to rest and recuperate. A most injurious habit is drinking liquors pure—neat, as it is styled. The direct result is to over-stimulate the stomach, and keep it in a state of continual engorgement. The strong and acid drinks we feel burn the throat while temporarily swallowing it, how much irritation it must cause remaining on an empty stomach for a considerable period, undiluted!

Alcohol, more or less of which is in all wines and spirits, passes out of the system through the kidneys, through the lungs, filling the breath with its vapor, and through the skin. In warm weather, and especially when engaged in severe exercise, it rapidly exudes through the pores; and for this reason, in warm weather, and in hot-climates and most countries, a larger quantity of liquors is drunk with impunity. The over-stimulation of the skin, however, is marked by pimples and eruptions.

New and cheap spirits are filled with fusel oil, which is both narcotic in its character, and so acrid as to greatly inflame the stomach which receives it, and the organs through which it escapes. This is why the rich, who can buy brandies and whiskies from which the fusel oil has been extracted, live longer than the poor, who drink any quantity of "rot-gut." Time is requisite for the fusel oil to evaporate through the cask, and a barrel often loses a quarter by this process, which, with the interest of its cost and storage, adds materially to its price. No such beneficial action goes on in spirits kept in glass. Twenty years in bottles adds little to its excellence.

Ale and porter are undoubtedly the most nutritious of all the beverages. They are nourishing as well as stimulant. Taken in moderation, they will benefit most persons of both sexes. Taken at meals, they stimulate the appetite, encourage digestion, and conduce to quiet happiness. With some they are found too bilious, but rarely to an objectionable extent. Bottled ales are much better than draught ales of equal quality, the carbonic acid gas greatly aiding digestion. Unfortunately we have but little bottled ale made in this country that is good. The best that I have seen is sold as malt wine, and is, like all bottled ales, made too expensive by reason of the cost of transport from Troy, extravagant charge for bottles, etc.

Much of the Scotch ale is drugged with Cocculus *Indicus*, and other seeds, so that a single bottle has made my head giddy; but when it is genuine, it is by far the best to be got. It has the great disadvantage of being very expensive. The ordinary bottled Philadelphia and Albany ale is simply vile.

Ale is not a social drink. If friends do not

quarrel over it, they may go to sleep. One may clinch a bargain with a pot, but one wants something else when he shakes hands with a friend at parting.

Spirits for a cold day, for toil and hardship, to give a temporary start to the energies. It is a bad friend, and always strives to be your master. It fires the blood, diseases the internal organs and infuriates the senses. Spirit-drinkers quarrel with their wives and kill folks. It would be a happy day could we get back to the Sherry, Madeira, and Port; better still if we get to Claret, Hocks, and Burgundies.

Worse than spirits are liqueurs; they are simply fourth proof pure spirits, with a very strong syrup, flavored variously. It is fortunate that they are so little drunk. They have all the worst attributes of spirits, and the sugar has great liability to sour and aid any dyspeptic tendency.

Absinthe! It is with utter disgust that I mention it. It has no good taste, causes no pleasant sensations while drinking it, or subsequently. It produces a brutish, vacant stupidity which seems to be welcomed by the God-forsaken wretches who have arrived at that state of idiocy which induces them to seek it, and speedily destroys by narcosis, paralyzing the brain, the powers of digestion, and the system generally. It belongs to the category of opium-eating, the "dig," and like abominations.

From disease and death we come to life. Wine is exhilarating, animating—excites the nobler faculties. Love, glory, fame, great deeds and lofty aims are its fruit. Wine carries with it nutriment to the body, cheerfulness to the mind, and warmth to the heart. Burgundy puts blood in the veins, and as its red drops brighten the cheek, the eye glistens with kinder feelings.

If we could but afford with our every-day dinner to drink a bottle of sound Claret or Hock among the family, and a bottle of real Champagne on a Sunday, dyspepsias would vanish, the old bones of the grandfathers would get new strength (the earthy deposits would be lessened), while the chairs made vacant by consumption would be less numerous. When dry Consular Seal and luscious Claret Veuve, or some native equivalents, are within pecuniary reach, humanity will advance, for then every one will practically sit under his vine and his fig-tree. Life will be looked at with different eyes. Dyspepsia is at the bottom of bad theology and hard feeling toward God and man.

The tendency of wine-drinking is not to excess. Excess in wine-drinking has not so generally the disorders of the brain and the body so common in spirit-drinking. Still we cannot hope to change our national customs until we become a wine-producing country. To that end let us lend every assistance.

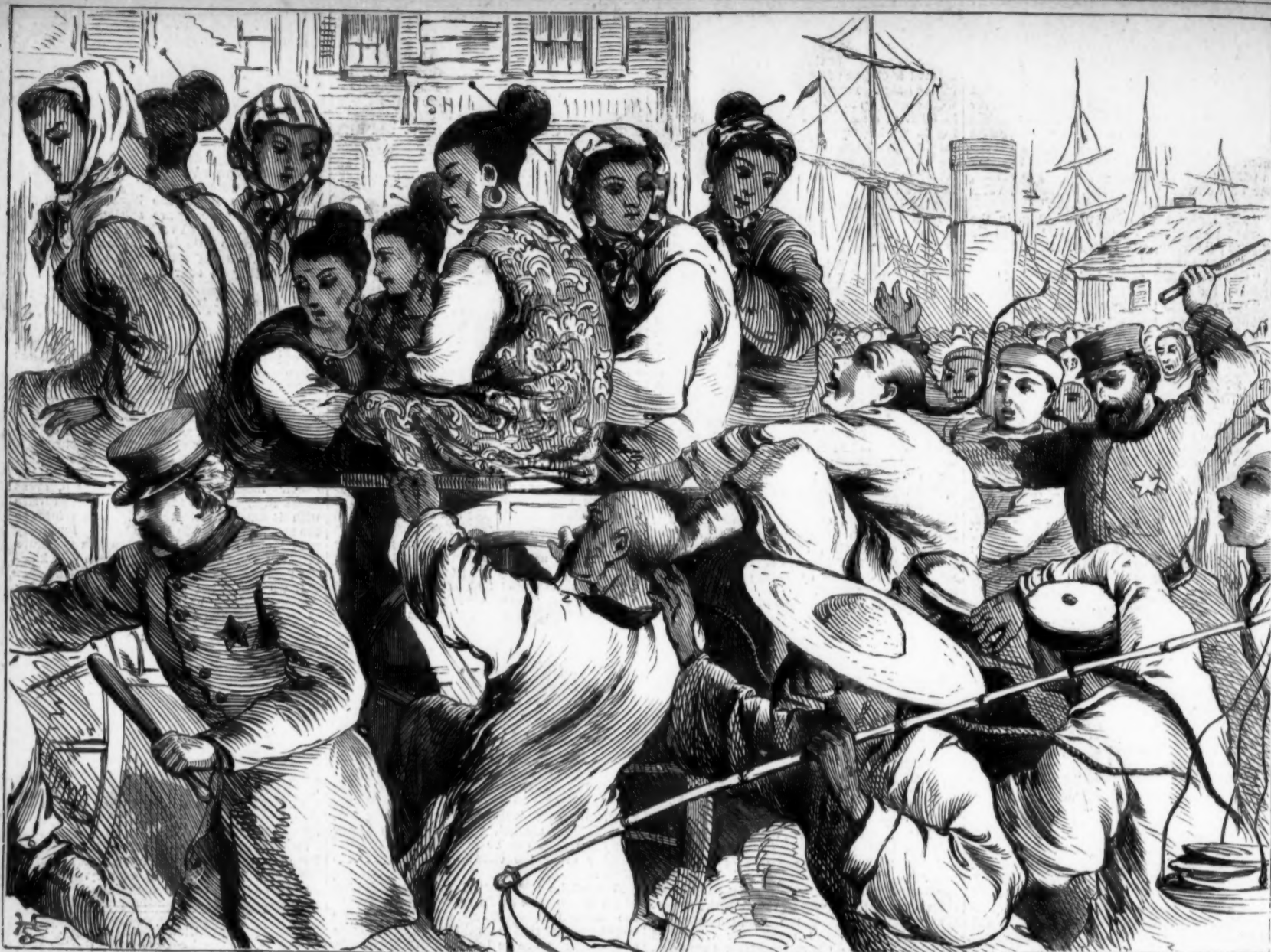
### First Lutheran Church of Dayton, Ohio, Rev. Irving Magee, A. M., Pastor.

THE First English Lutheran Church of Dayton is one of the most beautiful and stately church edifices of the West, and is the finest Lutheran church in America. It is 121½ feet in length, by 70 feet in breadth. The tower is 168 feet high, 24 feet square at the top, and contains a chime of 9 bells, in which there are over 10,000 pounds of metal. They differ from the Trinity Church bells of New York only in being keyed a semi-tone lower. On the first floor are lecture and Sunday-school rooms, a study for the pastor, two beautiful reception parlors united by folding doors, and in the rear, pleasant apartments for the sexton. On the second floor, gained by two grand stairways, is the extensive and beautiful audience-chamber. This is finished throughout in carved white walnut—organ-case, choir balcony, seats, chancel-vault, and pulpit-desk are uniform in style and material. Altogether it is a model of good taste and design.

Rev. Irving Magee, the newly-elected pastor of this large church, is one of the rising young divines of that denomination, about thirty-seven years old, a graduate of William's College, Massachusetts, and of Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1860. He has already occupied several of the leading pastorates in his church—the Second Lutheran Church in Baltimore, Md., the First Church in Chambersburg, and now the prominent one in Dayton. He has been twice elected to the General Synod, the highest ecclesiastical body of his denomination. As a preacher, his sermons are marked by vigor and originality of thought, remarkable delicacy and beauty of diction, richness and variety of illustration, and in their delivery, with dignity, grace, and tenderness. Nature has endowed this young preacher with rare attractions of person and gifts of voice; his perfect management of the latter imparts to his sermons and lectures much of the charm of his delivery.

But, after all, it may be doubted whether the popularity of the reverend gentleman, both in his pastorates and in the Church, does not depend as much upon the suavity and refinement of his manners as upon his gifts as a public speaker.

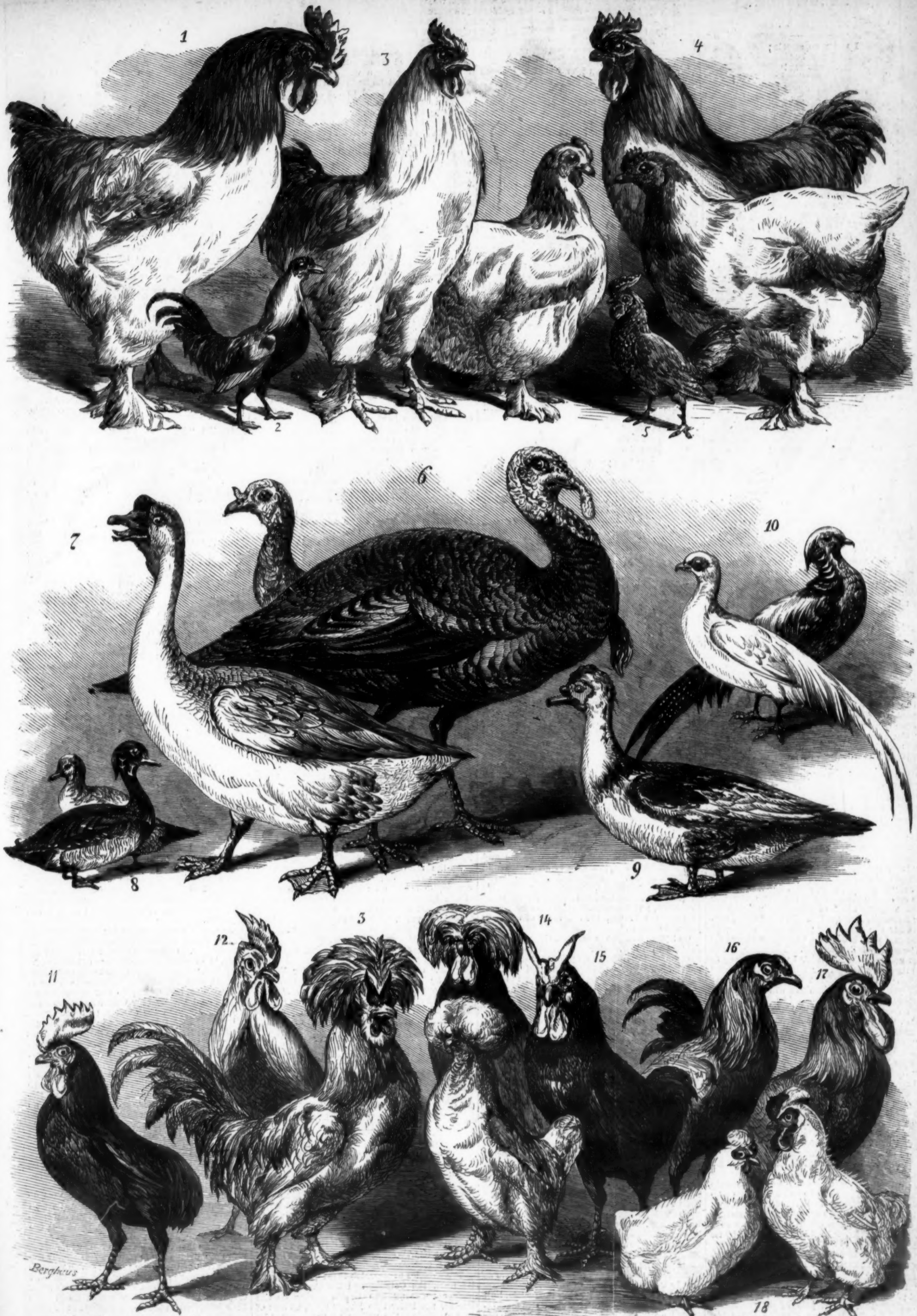
WHILE Lamartine was at the head of the Provisional Government in France, in 1848, there appeared one day in the official journal the appointment of "Citizen David" to be Consul at Bremen. A week elapsed, but nobody appeared to claim the necessary papers. Lamartine was applied to for the address of the appointee. After racking his memory in vain, he bethought himself of his memorandum-book, on turning to which he suddenly broke out with, "You rascal, you have made a Consul of the great Jewish King." Sure enough, the poet had got his poetical memoranda and his business notes mixed together, and had given the name of David instead of that of some person recommended to him. The mistake was rectified, and the next day the announcement appeared, "Citizen Marchand is appointed Consul of France at Bremen, vice David called to another position."



ARRIVAL OF A SHIPLOAD OF CHINESE WOMEN AT SAN FRANCISCO—THE CELESTIAL LADIES RIDING FROM THE DOCK IN EXPRESS WAGONS—SEE PAGE 59.



DRIVING PRAIRIE HENS IN ILLINOIS.—SEE PAGE 60.



1-4 Buff Cochins Roosters and Hen. 2. Black-Red Game Bantam. 3. Light Brahma Rooster and Hen. 4. Gold Sea-bright Bantam. 5. Bronze Turkey and Hen. 6. African Goose. 7. Wood-duck and Hen. 8. Muscovy Duck. 9. White and Gold Pheasant. 10. Rumpless Fowl. 11. Silver-Gray Dorking. 12. Sultan Rooster and Hen. 13. Black Poland. 14. La Fleche. 15. Derby Game Rooster. 16. Colored Leghorn. 17. Japanese Rooster. 18.

SPECIMENS OF POULTRY EXHIBITED AT THE FAIR OF THE NEW YORK STATE POULTRY SOCIETY, EMPIRE SKATING RINK, N. Y. CITY.—See Page 59.

## THE SNOWDROP.

BY LAURIGER.

I HAVE no sweets;  
Bird and bee  
Love not me!  
But the foolish wasp stings my frost;  
No warmth can he  
Wake in me.

Softest winds sigh  
On every hand;  
Cold I stand!  
Brightest sunbeams fleck my white cheek;  
With winking leaves  
Nodding trees

Are wooing me;  
But the sky,  
Pale and high,  
Day and night, tempest or moonlight,  
Farthest above,  
Is my love.

## THE PRUSSIAN TERROR;

OR,

## The Adventures of an Amateur Soldier.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS, SEN.

## XXVIII.—THE PRUSSIANS AT FRANKFORT.

THE news of the defeat at Aschaffenburg produced a profound and general sadness at Frankfort. From the manner in which the Prussians were proceeding, the Frankforters began to fear that these would not respect the City of the Diet any more than they had respected the rights of the King of Hanover.

The news of the disaster reached Frankfort, as we have said, on the evening of the day on which the battle was fought, and by the next morning the conviction became general that the city would be occupied at once. A rumor became current that the Prussians would make their entrance on the afternoon of the 16th, and this rumor proved to be correct.

The night of the 16th was a night of horrors for the Frankforters, and marked the commencement of that memorable period in the history of Frankfort which has been not inaptly termed the Prussian Terror.

To reassure those of our readers who may be uneasy as to the experience of the Chandroz family during this fatal night, we may state, Frederick de Below, who knew that orders had been given to treat Frankfort as a conquered city, had sent a sergeant-major and four men to guard Madame de Bellings' house, under pretext that it was reserved for General Sturm's headquarters.

Shortly after his arrival in the city, General Falkenstein addressed a note to Senators Felner and Muller, setting forth, in due form, the demands he saw fit to make upon the conquered city.

The two senators repaired at once to the general's headquarters to protest against these demands, and especially against a requisition for the sum of nearly eight millions of florins which the general had required to be paid immediately into the military chest of the Army of the Main.

"Well, gentlemen," said the general, as they entered, "have you brought the money?"

"We beg leave to point out to your Excellency," answered Monsieur Felner, "that we have no authority to pay such a sum."

"That is no business of mine," said the general; "I have conquered the country, and I levy a contribution. That is in accordance with the usages of war."

"It is not possible to conquer that which does not defend itself," returned Monsieur Felner. "Frankfort, a free city, believed herself safe under the protection of treaties, and never had the slightest idea of defending herself."

"Frankfort managed to find twenty-five millions for the Austrians; she can very well manage to find fifteen or sixteen millions for us," exclaimed the general. Moreover, if she does not find them herself, I will undertake to find them for her. Four hours of pillage, and we will see if the street of the Jews and the strong-boxes of your bankers will not produce double the amount."

"I doubt, general," replied Monsieur Felner, coldly, "if Germans will consent to treat Germans thus."

"Who talks to you of Germans? I have a Polish regiment which I brought here for this express purpose!"

"We have never done any harm to the Poles. We gave them shelter against you, and against the Russians, every time they asked for it. The Poles are not our enemies; they will not pillage Frankfort."

"That remains to be seen," said the general, stamping angrily on the floor, and giving vent to one of those oaths of which the Prussians have the monopoly. "They may call me a second Duke of Alva, if they like; I care little for that."

Monsieur Felner attempted to remonstrate against the injustice and harshness of the proposed measures, and instituted a comparison between the general's course and that pursued by General Neuhing, when the French troops occupied Frankfort in 1792, which was by no means flattering to the Prussian.

General Falkenstein listened with ill-concealed impatience, and finally interrupted the burgomaster.

"I have the rights which power gives," he said; "and I notify you now, that, if the sum I have demanded is not paid by six o'clock this evening, I will have you arrested to-morrow morning and incarcerated in a dungeon, where you will remain until the last thaler is paid."

"We know the maxim of your Prime Minister: 'Might makes right.' Do with us as you please, monsieur," answered Felner.

"At five o'clock," said the general, "the

men, whom I shall detail for the purpose, will be at the door of the bank with everything necessary to bring the money to headquarters." Then he added, turning to one of his staff officers, and speaking loud enough for two burgomasters to hear him: "Send and arrest the journalist Fischer, the editor-in-chief of the *Post Zeitung*. It is on him I shall commence my proceedings against the journals and journalists."

When the Burgomaster Felner returned home, he found his family in tears. His daughters were watching for him at the window; his wife was waiting at the door; and his brother-in-law ran to meet him.

Although he saw the situation becoming more and more gloomy, and felt oppressed by the prediction Benedict had made, the worthy burgomaster was perfectly calm and self-possessed.

His was one of those quiet natures which neither seek danger nor avoid it, but which, when danger does come, welcome it and face it calmly; not to resist it—for such natures are not combative—but to succumb to it with honor.

He pressed his brother-in-law's hand, reassured his wife, kissed his children, and walking up to Fischer, who, knowing that his friend had been sent for by the general, had come to inquire the cause of the summons, he told him of the order for his arrest which had just been issued by General Falkenstein.

Unlike his friend Felner, who was of a cold and lymphatic temperament, Fischer was of a sanguine and violent one.

The city gate was not a hundred paces off, and Monsieur Fischer's description had not yet been given. It would have been easy for him, therefore, to reach Darmstadt or Heidelberg by the railway; but nothing could induce him to quit Frankfort at a time when he was menaced with peril.

All that Monsieur Felner could obtain from him was, that he would remain at the house, though without attempting to conceal himself if they should come there to arrest him.

Two hours afterward there was a knock at the door, and Madame Felner, looking out of the window, announced that the unwelcome visitors were two Prussian soldiers.

Fischer not only declined to conceal himself, but went, in person, to open the door; and, when the soldiers inquired if the editor-in-chief of the *Post Zeitung* was at the burgomaster's, he answered quietly:

"I am the person you are in search of, gentlemen."

He was immediately conducted to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where General Falkenstein had established his headquarters.

General Falkenstein had chosen to put himself in a state of chronic wrath, which enabled him to insult all those who had any business to transact with him, accompanying these insults with a series of oaths such as Schiller puts into the mouths of his bandits.

As soon, therefore, as he saw Monsieur Fischer, he said, speaking in the third person—which in Germany is a mark of profound contempt: "Let him come in here!"

And as Monsieur Fischer did not enter quite as promptly as the general seemed to desire, "*Mille tonnerres!*" he exclaimed; "if he makes any difficulty about it, push him in!"

"I do not make any difficulty about coming into your presence, monsieur, seeing that I was not compelled to come. Forewarned of your evil intention in respect to me, I could have quitted Frankfort had I wished. I came because it is my habit to meet danger half way, not to run away from it."

"You knew, then, beforehand, Monsieur the Quill-driver, that it would be dangerous for you to come into my presence?"

"It is always dangerous to go feeble and unarmed into the presence of an armed and powerful enemy."

"You look upon me, then, as your enemy?"

"The contribution you have levied upon Frankfort, and the menaces you have addressed to Monsieur Felner, are not those of a friend, you will confess."

Oh! you had no occasion, Monsieur the Journalist, to wait for my menaces and my exactions, in order to declare yourself our enemy. We know your journal, and it is because we do know it, that you will have to sign the following declaration. Sit down at that table, take a pen, and write."

"I take the pen to show that I have no ill will; but, before I write, I would like to know what you are going to dictate to me."

"You wish to know? Well, then, here it is: 'I, Doctor Fischer Goulet, Councilor of State, Editor-in-Chief of the *Post Zeitung*—Why don't you write?'"

"Finish your sentence, monsieur, and if I think fit to write, I will write."

The general went on: "Editor-in-Chief of the *Post Zeitung*, acknowledge myself guilty of hostile attacks, systematically calumnious, upon the Prussian Government."

Fischer threw down his pen. "I will not write that, monsieur," he said. "That is not true."

"*Mille tonnerres!*" cried the general, advancing a step upon Fischer. "Do you undertake to give me the lie?"

Monsieur Fischer pulled a newspaper out of his pocket. "There is something that will contradict you, monsieur, more emphatically than I can. This is the last number of my journal, which appeared yesterday, about an hour before you made your entry into Frankfort, and here is what I wrote, after deploring that Germany should tear her own entrails, and that her sons should cut each other's throats as if they were the children of incest."

Fischer commenced reading the article, but, seeing the general shrug his shoulders disdainfully, he stopped, and, advancing in his turn, held out the paper, and said:

"Read it yourself, then."

The general snatched the journal from Fischer's hands.

"You wrote in that style yesterday," he said, pale with anger, "because yesterday you felt

that we were coming, and because yesterday you were afraid."

Then, tearing up the paper, he made the pieces into a ball, which he flung into the councilor's face, exclaiming:

"You are a coward!"

Fischer stared about with haggard eye, as if he was looking for a weapon with which to avenge the insult he had received. Then suddenly putting his hand to his head, he pulled out his hair by the handful, whirled rapidly round in his tracks, and, with a cry which was half roar, half groan, fell in a heap on the floor. He had been struck by cerebral congestion as by a thunderbolt.

General Falkenstein walked up to him, touched him with his foot, and, seeing that he was dead, "Throw me this rascal into some corner," he said to the orderlies, "until his family sends for the body."

The orderlies took hold of the body, and, obeying the general's orders, literally dragged it into one of the corners of the antechamber.

Meanwhile Monsieur Felner, anticipating that some misfortune would befall his friend, had gone to the house of Monsieur Annibal Fischer, the journalist's father, had related to him what had occurred, and had advised him to go to the Hotel d'Angleterre in search of his son.

Monsieur Annibal Fischer was an old man, eighty years of age; he drove to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and inquired below if any one had seen his son.

He was informed that his son had been seen to go up stairs, but that he had not been seen to come down. He was advised to go and inquire at General Falkenstein's apartments on the first floor, as it was to them that his son had been taken.

The old man followed the advice, and, as General Falkenstein had finished giving audience and gone to breakfast, he found the door of the saloon closed. He insisted on being allowed to speak to the general.

"Sit down there," said an orderly; "perhaps he will return presently."

"Can you not inform him?" said the old man, "that it is a father who has come to claim his son?"

"What son?" inquired one of the soldiers.

"My son—Councilor Fischer—who was arrested this morning at the house of Monsieur Felner, the burgomaster."

"Faith, it's the father," said another of the soldiers, to his comrade.

"If he wishes to claim his son," returned the latter, "he can take him."

"How 'take him'?" said the old man, who overheard the remark without understanding it. "Doubtless," returned the soldier, "he is there waiting for you." And he pointed with his finger to the dead body of the councilor.

The father approached with a firm step, placed one knee on the ground, and raised his son's head so as to recognize it better.

"They killed him, then?" he inquired of the soldiers.

"In good faith, no! He died of himself."

The father kissed his son's forehead. "These are sad days," he said, "when fathers bury their sons!"

Then he went down stairs, called a porter, sent him for three of his comrades, brought them up into the ante-chamber, and pointing to the dead body, "Take my son's corpse," he said, "and carry it to my house."

The men took the body on their shoulders, carried it down stairs, and laid it on an open hand-barrow. The father walked in front, bare-headed, pale, his eyes bathed in tears, and replying to all who inquired the meaning of this strange funeral procession accompanying a corpse through the city without priest or funeral chant: "It is my son, the Councilor Fischer, whom the Prussians have killed."

By the time he reached his own door, more than three hundred persons were following the corpse, and when he entered, and the door closed behind him, the entire company, which had formed the principal cortege, dispersed through the city, saying to every one they met: "The Prussians have killed Councilor Fischer, the son of old Annibal Fischer."

Councilor Fischer died on the last day of his forty-ninth year.

"Ah!" murmured the Burgomaster Felner, when he heard the news, "the Frenchman's predictions are beginning to be fulfilled." And he looked mechanically, and with a shudder, at his hand, where the cross stood out on the Mount of Saturn, more distinct than ever.

## The Mound Prairies of Washington Territory.

BY GEORGE GIBBS, GEOLOGIST TO THE SOUTH-WEST BOUNDARY SURVEY.

THE gravelly plains between the Columbia River and Puget's Sound are characterized by the occurrence in great number of small elevations, which have given to them the descriptive name of the Mound Prairies. These mounds occur elsewhere, but more sparingly, in different parts of the country—so far as my observation has extended, in gravelly deposits, and in such situations as may be supposed to have been lake bottoms, for I suspect those upon the hills above the Dalles of the Columbia to be of a different character, as they are different in size and shape.

The prairies upon which these mounds occur lie upon the Chihalis and the Tenalquet, the former emptying into Gray's Harbor on the Pacific, the latter into Budd's Inlet, an arm of Puget's Sound, the valleys being separated by rolling hills. There is every evidence of their having been once lakes. The hills bordering them exhibit sloping banks, such as generally surround tranquil waters, and upon several there are more or less distinct lacustrine terraces. So strongly, indeed, do they suggest

this origin, that the Indian legends tell of their being dried up by supernatural means. A noticeable feature among all of them, is, that the ground is rather lower around their edges, or immediately under their banks, than in the centre, as it is the case sometimes with marshes. The first prairie of the series is that known as Ford's, situated on the north bank of the "Skookum Chuck" (strong water), and here the mounds are first observable. On this they are low and not sufficiently numerous to attract particular attention. It is nearly a dead level, and raised but little above the freshets of the Chihalis.

On the "Grand Mound Prairie" there are low scattered mounds, the most distinct being those nearest the woods. What is called the "Grand Mound" itself is an isolated hill about sixty feet in height, on which are a number of oaks and large firs. Its most gradual slope is to the northwest. No rock is visible on any part of it, but there is a spring on one side about two-thirds of the way up. It is, of course, entirely distinct from the mounds in question, though its form has doubtless been modified by water.

Around and to the north of the "Grand Mound" the lesser ones are very indistinct, but through the middle of the prairie they become more numerous and better defined. They seem most so, however, near the edge of the prairie; at least on the southeast side where the road passes, and toward the eastern end, they are well developed. They are usually covered with fern, denoting a better soil than that of the prairie level, which is gravelly and poor.

"Long Prairie" is pretty well covered with mounds. It is more unequal in elevation than the last, and at the eastern end there is a terraced ridge in the middle, about twenty-five feet high, having a steep bank to the south. On this there are some few mounds of a larger size.

On the "Little Round Prairie" the mounds are comparatively few and low. The southern end of the Mimce Prairie is said to be terraced with but few mounds; the northern end is thickly covered with mounds about six feet high. The most remarkable development of this mound formation is on Rabbison's or "Stony Prairie," which lies on the Tenalquet. Nearly the whole extent is so thickly studded with them that the bases touch one another. The average height is six feet, and they are generally twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, forming sections of a sphere. Quite a number of them have been opened from curiosity, and in every case with the same result. They are composed of a light soil with interspersed gravel, being perfectly homogeneous through the whole mass. I caused one of them to be trenched down to the level of the prairie. There was no appearance of stratification. The soil and gravel were equally intermixed throughout. The prairie is of a generally uniform level, though with some swales running across it, and the intervals between the mounds are, as it were, paved with boulder-stones. The appearance presented was as if the superficial soil, down to this bed of stone, had been shoveled up into piles. The mounds are covered with grass and fern, the intervals as mentioned being stony, barren, and destitute of vegetation. Beyond this prairie they extend a short distance into the woods, a fact which I have observed nowhere else. They have, however, no resemblance to the hillocks caused by fallen timber.

Captain Wilkes, in his journal of the United States Exploring Expedition, speaks of these, under the name of the "Butte Prairies," as covered with *tumuli*, or small mounds, at regular distances asunder, conical in form, about thirty feet in diameter at the base, and six or seven above the level of the prairie. He opened some of them, but found nothing except a pavement of round stones. They seemed to him to be grouped in fives, thus \*\*, and, he remarks, had evidently been constructed successively, and at an interval of several years, and were formed by scraping the surface soil together.

Among the various theories respecting their origin, I have met with none that appears to me satisfactory. Captain Wilkes, as it would appear, is of opinion that they are of human construction. To this there are many objections. The Indians themselves have no tradition of their origin, and clearly do not recognize any marks of labor, or they would doubtless have referred them to the ancient or demon race, whose handiwork is apparent in everything anterior to their own traditional recollection. That they are not properly *tumuli*, is apparent from the fact that they contain no relics of any kind. Their number, also, contradicts the supposition, as does likewise the fact that there are none conspicuous above others, which would have been the case with the graves of chiefs. Except for sepulchral purposes, I can conceive no object in their construction. There is no trace of design in their arrangement, no distinguishable features or relative position. In frequent rides through the prairies, I have looked carefully, but in vain, for the disposition in fives mentioned by Wilkes, and called the attention of others to the point, without ever succeeding in detecting it; neither could I see any marks of labor upon them, beyond the fact that their material was homogeneous. As regards succession or interval in construction, the only possible evidence that can exist is, that some are more elevated, and in that respect nearer perfect than others. As respects the pavement, it bears no evidence of artifice. It is simply the substratum of the whole prairie, which consists of boulder-stone from the adjacent mountains.

Further, the mounds cover so great an area, that a population much larger than could have been subsisted in the country would have been required to construct them, unless a great length of time was occupied, and the process would, at least temporarily, have destroyed the only land from which subsistence could be derived. Now, it would be contrary to all experience of Indian character to persist for generations in heaping up these piles, unless for pur-

poses of burial, and they are clearly not burial places. They never could have been applied to defense. Again, they seem to be confined to the gravelly and stony prairies and those where sand or light soil prevails, and are generally, if not entirely, free from them. If they had been the work of Indians they would naturally have selected the easiest ground.

Among other speculations, one is that they are the result of denudation, or, rather, that the mounds themselves have been protected by vegetation, such as fern, bushes, etc., while the intervals have been washed away. I examined particularly whether there was any arrangement in reference to drainage, but found that there were no continuous lines nor any such slopes as would admit of this explanation. Only in one or two swales did the mounds seem to me parallel to the general course. Usually they are as numerous in the hollows as on higher ground. As to the protection afforded by bushes, it is very certain that clumps of the scrub oak do surmount small hillocks on the skirts of the wood, but, on the other hand, the mounds proper are too large and too equidistant to admit of this explanation as a general one.

Again, they have been attributed to the pushing up of the soil by the tubers of the wild cucumber vine (*megarrhiza oregana*), which often reach the size of a half barrel, and are very often found in the mounds, or that these have formed a nucleus about which the soil has collected. But independent of the fact that they are only occasionally thus found, and that they as often grow on level ground, it would be much more probable that the vine here obtained the soil requisite for its growth.

That they are not the remains of a burned or overturned forest is clear from comparison with the ground beneath existing woods, where large trees have been overthrown. The piles of earth and rock upturned with the roots, always of course leave a corresponding depression.

Professor Agassiz, to whom I submitted the foregoing, together with the drawings, gives it unhesitatingly as his opinion that the mounds were formed, during the period when these prairies were lakes, by fish of the sucker family, as covering for their eggs, and he states that the same process may be seen going on at this day in the ponds near Boston, where similar mounds are being built up. Such a solution, though at first startling, seems to be the only one acceptable. The accompanying sketch exhibits a very correct view of the ordinary mounds.

#### THE FIRST VIOLET.

The primrose blossoms in the glade,  
The daisy on the lea,  
The violet hides its modest head,  
Fairer amid the three.  
Let others sing the flushed June's praise,  
Circled with rosy ring,  
But these demand more simple lays—  
These first sweet flowers of Spring.  
In childhood's happy, laughing hours,  
I sported 'mid their bloom,  
And watched the welcome, sunny showers  
Increase their glad perfume.  
E'en now, although those moments seem  
A distant murmuring,  
They're angels bright in my life's dream—  
These first sweet flowers of Spring.  
And when my spirit, swallow-like,  
Flies o'er the sea of death—  
When friendly grasp and foeman's strike  
Cease with my ceasing breath;  
When no more fierce Ambition's slave,  
When freed from Love's sharp sting,  
Oh, may they wave above my grave—  
These first sweet flowers of Spring.

#### NEW YORK STATE POULTRY SOCIETY.

EVERY effort made to improve domestic poultry is a direct benefit to society, in the fact that such efforts cheapen and improve one of the most valuable necessities of life. In England and France poultry-raising has created great national interest, and in this country, even through the extravagant, wasteful manner poultry has heretofore been raised, the value of the annual production is more than \$100,000,000, which income, with the same expense, but with more care and better method, can be readily increased to a third more of that sum. The establishment of the *New York State Poultry Society* commences the great work of reform, and as the best of all domestic fowls is of American origin (the Brahmas), we see no reason why our climate and the intelligence of our people should not take the lead eventually in the production of all domestic fowls.

The officers of the Society are: George H. Warner, of New York Mills, Oneida County, President; Lewis F. Allen, Black Rock, Erie County, Wm. M. Ely, Binghamton, Broome County, Robert Ellis, Schenectady, T. B. Kingsland, New York, and John Harold, Hempstead, L. I., Vice-Presidents; Dan'l E. Galt, New York City, Corresponding Secretary; William Simpson, Jr., West Farms, Westchester County, Treasurer.

Executive Committee: Erastus Corning, Jr., Albany, Albany County; J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, Oneida County; John Salisbury, Jr., Nyack, Rockland County; G. Howland Leavitt, Flushing, Long Island; George W. Little, M. D., Fort Edward, Washington County; E. F. Howlett, Syracuse, Onondaga County; James Bathgate, M. D., Morrisania, Westchester County; D. P. Newell, Rochester, Monroe County.

Resident Honorary Secretaries: Great Britain, W. B. Tegetmeier, F. Z. S., London; Pennsylvania, David W. Herstine, Philadelphia; New Jersey, Mason C. Weld, Closter; Connecticut, F. Sterling, Bridgeport; Massachusetts, John B. Gough, Worcester; Maryland, Steiner Seheley, Frederick; Dominion of Canada, Lieut.-Col. F. C. Hazzard, Toronto; Illinois, John Wentworth, Chicago; Georgia, Ker. Boyce, Augusta; New Hampshire, C. H. Ripley, But-

land Centre; Arizona Territory, Richard C. McCormick, Tucson; Colorado, James A. Shreve, Denver.

The exhibition, though comparatively limited in the number of contributions, presented a most perfect representation of the best kinds of fowls. The German varieties were represented by the White Guelchers, Black Valles Polands, and Hamburgs of all colors. The French varieties by the La Fleche, La Bresse, Du Maus, Du Gange, Honduras, Creve Coeurs. The English by the Dorkings, the Brahmas, and other favorites, and the Irish, Drab Bantams, Buff Cochins, Black Spanish, Silver-Gray Dorkings, and the Toulouse Geese. The exhibition of these birds together called forth profound astonishment at the wonderful variety of form and color.

In presenting a page of illustrations, we would state that the selections made were such birds as struck us as being best calculated to give the public an idea of the exhibition. They were made without any knowledge of their intrinsic merits, and without knowing how they were regarded by the judges and experts of the exhibition. We were gratified to subsequently learn that our selection was judicious, and approved of by the official decisions.

**Silver-Gray Dorkings, Class C, No. 14.**—Thos. Gould, Aurora, N. Y.

The Dorking is pre-eminently one of the most marked of all the English fowls. The popular idea in England is, that it is descended from the fowls brought to that country by the followers of Caesar and his legions. It comes to maturity early, is a prolific layer, makes the best capons. Of late years the silver-grays have come into high estimation, as they conjoin many of the best qualities of the colored breeds with the beauty of plumage possessed by those birds that are regarded more especially as ornamental poultry. The distinguishing colors of the Silver-Gray Dorking cock are, a perfectly black breast and tail, and larger coverts; the head, neck, hackle, back, saddle and wingbow, a clear silvery white. Across the wings there is a well-marked black bar, contrasting in a very beautiful manner with the white outer web of the quill-feathers, and the silvery white hackle and saddle. In this variety, a single white feather in the breast or tail of the cock is held as a disqualification in a show-pen.

**Light Brahmas, Class B, No. 2, No. 72.**—Mrs. W. S. Norton, L. I.

**Light Brahmas, Class B, No. 3, No. 337.**—C. S. Haines, Elizabeth, N. J.

The Brahmas of American origin are doubtless the largest of all the varieties of the domestic fowls. Cocks have been exhibited in England weighing seventeen pounds, which exceeds considerably that of any other breed. The light Brahmas are characterized by the general light body of the breast and thighs. In the cock the tail is black; the tail coverts are beautifully rich green, the lower ones margined with silver. The shanks in this variety are brilliantly yellow, well-clothed with white feathers slightly mottled with black. The contrast of the colors of their plumage renders these birds particularly attractive, as the light Brahmas are always great favorites in our poultry exhibitions. They are good table fowls, good layers, good foragers, good setters and mothers—very gentle. Cocks eight months old will sometimes weigh ten pounds; two years old, fifteen pounds. At four and five years old, the cocks often become so heavy that they will lie sideways on the ground, though in perfect health. By excellent judges they are thought to be the most useful fowl of their kind. No. 337 was raised by Mr. Chas. Teas, and C. S. Haines, weighs 15 pounds, and, with the two hens, is valued at \$100.

**Buff Cochins.**—S. Willet, Jr., Flushing, L. I.

The size and weight of this fowl should be as large as possible. Sometimes the cocks attain the weight of twelve pounds—ten and eleven pounds average. Their plumage is very soft and owl-like, and exceedingly downy, giving peculiar softness to the general appearance. They grow rapidly, when chickens, are exceedingly hardy, and can be reared in weather and under circumstances where the Dorking would perish. The bird presented in our illustration is probably the largest bird ever exhibited in this country. It was imported in the City of Brooklyn from Liverpool at a cost of \$20, and was only partly with by the owner on condition it would be taken to America. The cock stands fully two feet high, has short legs, and, in spite of its rough sea voyage, weighs over twelve pounds.

**Black-red Game Bantams, Class H, No. 64, No. 78.**—Elizabeth, N. J.

Game Bantams, both cock and hens, are required to be exact and perfect dimensions of the ordinary game fowl, not only in feather, but also in comb, eye, beak, form, carriage and courage. Black-reds are the most popular. They are very hardy, and may be raised anywhere, and easily escape from any pursuers. As setters and mothers they are unsurpassed. These specimens are imported from England, and weigh one pound each—remarkably handsome birds.

**Black Polands.**—William Simpson Teas.

This breed of fowls is remarkable for its huge crest, to accommodate which they have an extraordinarily shaped skull, to sustain weight. There are few descriptions of poultry more ornamental—the extreme contrast between their body and their crests making them observable anywhere. They are a most useful as well as ornamental bird. They are non-setters and interminable layers. These specimens were imported from Hamburg, and have been in this country three weeks. They are the best possible breed for people who have small places. Weight, from four and a half to five pounds; value, \$50 per pair.

**Gold Sea-bright Bantams.**—Benj. Haines, Jr., Elizabeth, N. J.

Dwarfed fowls have been known since the time of Pliny, who states "There is a dwarfed kind of fowls, that is extraordinarily small and yet beautiful. The Sea-bright is one of the most artificial breeds of all fowls; they are favorites on account of their wonderful beauty. They are thought by some to be the most direct and unmixed descent of a breed from the Indian jungles. The carriage of the Sea-bright cock is the height of self-importance. The head is drawn back, until the tail, which is well raised, nearly touches it; the wings droop about half way down the legs; the bird is restless, impatient, and constantly moving; they attack fiercely; despise disparity of size, and from their rapidity of motion frequently overcome most mighty adversaries. The hens are gay and lively upstarts. The species we give was imported from England, 1867; weighs about one pound a piece.

**Japanese Bantams, or Silk Fowl.**—Wm. Henry Shieflin.

The usual color of these novel birds is white, with a black or dark-blue skin. The feathers have their webs separated, so that their covering seems to be formed of hair, rather than that which is usually allotted to birds. The wings are useless for flight; their tails in their best forms are little more developed than in the Cochins. The chickens of the white breed are hatched with a canary-colored down, and more attractive little creatures cannot be conceived. The stock of these birds was imported by Mr. Shieflin from Japan. The average weight is about two pounds. They are only kept as a fancy breed.

**Sultan Fowls.**—J. J. Cooper, Limerick, Ireland.

These fowls were the last variety of the Poland introduced into England. About four years since the Sultan of Turkey sent some specimens to Queen Victoria, from which eventually came these fine birds represented in our illustration. They are brisk and happy-tempered birds; good layers; eggs large and white; non-setters and small eaters. They are birds that seem to thrive uncommonly well in Ireland. Average weight from four to five pounds.

**Derby Game Fowls.**—R. Huntington, East Bloomsfield, Ontario County, N. Y.

The courage and form of the Game Cock are certainly more beautiful than of any other variety of domestic fowl. Their plumage is compact, hard, and mall-like to a remarkable degree, and possesses a brilliant glossiness that cannot be surpassed. The head is thin and long, like that of the grayhound; the eye large, very full, and brilliant in lustre. Lord Derby, a sporting nobleman, made his breed especially famous, though the varieties are numerous. Mr. Huntington has made a specialty of raising this kind of bird.

**Rumpless Fowl, Class B.**—Name not Given.

There can be no doubt that the Rumpless Fowl does not exist in the wild state in any region of the globe. The distinctive characters of this species consist in the lack of the last vertebrae of the back, or rump, which is the cause of these birds having no feathers on the tail. They are a hardy fowl, and a great novelty to those unaccustomed to the appearance.

**Colored Leghorn.**—Daniel E. Davit, Secretary of the Society.

A remarkably handsome bird. Took first premium at the Worcester, N. Y., poultry show; average weight, four and five pounds; most valuable for laying eggs; very large and showy fowl.

**Bronze Turkey.**—Benjamin Haines, Elizabeth, N. J.

This is a very splendid specimen of the bird, and is so thoroughly bronze in its color that it is almost of pure wild blood. It is very tall, and represented to be very courageous and troublesome. It will drive all children out of the yard it inhabits, and has been known to fly up and strike a man in the head with his spurs. He is three years old, and weighs thirty-five pounds. This is eight pounds more than the largest sized specimens of the wild bird. At a poultry show in Birmingham, England, in the year 1865, the first prize for turkeys was awarded to an old bird that weighed forty-seven pounds; second prize, forty-six pounds; third prize, forty-five pounds. These were of the Cambridge variety, which seems to grow larger than the darker kind, or, as we suppose, are further removed from the wild state, as represented in the bronze turkey of Mr. Haines.

**Muscovy Ducks.**—Benjamin Haines, Elizabeth, N. J.

Fine specimens and handsome birds; their dark body, and red markings about the head, make them very attractive. Weight of the male, ten pounds; two females, five pounds each.

**Albino Pheasants, Silver Pheasants, Golden Pheasants, Himalaya Pheasants.**—John Bruce, Yorkville, N. Y.

These birds were all very beautiful; some of them looked as if they were sparkling with jewels.

**Silver Pheasants, New York Mills.**—H. P. De Graafe.

#### THE IRISH EXHIBITION.

In the centre of the rink was a cluster of coops over which was displayed a green flag, bearing the harp of Erin. On examination, it proved to be the signal of a very fine collection of fowls sent to the exhibition by J. C. Cooper, of Limerick, Ireland. The enterprise shown by this gentleman deserves to be greatly remembered, and his birds, as a whole, were unequalled. They consisted of nine varieties of fowls, the Dark Bantams, Buff Cochins, Silver-gray Dorkings, Creve Coeurs (black), Honduras, La Fleche, Black Spanish, and the beautiful Sultans, illustrated. Also a pair of Toulouse Geese, which were admitted to be the finest in the country.

**Honduras.**—G. H. Leavitt, Flushing, L. I.

Took the first prize at the Pennsylvania Poultry Show. Imported at the expense of \$140; eggs readily sold at \$1 a piece.

**Creve Coeurs.**—G. H. Leavitt, Flushing.

Imported from the Jardin des Plantes, Paris; cost \$140; remarkably fine specimens, black plumage, horned, and top-knots.

**La Fleche, (one pair).**—Orlando Williams, Taunton, Mass.

**Dark Brahmas.**—G. H. Leavitt, Flushing, L. I.

Imported by the City of Brooklyn. Cost in England \$150; remarkably fine; received three prizes in English poultry shows.

**Partridge Cochins.**—G. H. Warner, New York Mills.

Eight months old; one of the very few specimens of these showy birds in the country.

**White Turkey.**—T. Gould, Aurora, N. Y.

Pure white, black head and red wattles.

**Polands.**—William Simpson, West Farms, N. Y.

**Wild Geese.**—John Salisbury, Nyack, N. Y.

#### ARRIVAL OF CHINESE WOMEN IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE laughable and exciting scene represented in our engraving is described as follows by a correspondent of the *New York Times*:

"It has been well understood, among the Chinese circles, for a week or two past, that the China steamer which arrived yesterday would

bring a large shipment of Chinese women, and in consequence great excitement existed among that interesting portion of our community. Every Chinaman considered himself entitled to a wife, and determined to obtain her at whatever cost. Word was brought to Chief Crowley that parties were arming themselves and threatening to enforce their rights by the arbitrament of cleavers, iron bars, and revolvers. With his usual energy he at once detailed a large force, and sent them to the dock of the Mail Company to prevent a riot. When the steamer was coming up the harbor the news spread like wild-fire through the Chinese quarter, and at once crowds of their people started for the landing. Every possible means of conveyance was in demand. The high-toned merchants and head men, who were determined to prevent their countrywomen from falling into the hands of their brethren of a lower caste, provided themselves with passes to the dock, and went in hacks and on the street cars; while hundreds of women with umbrellas spread over their heads crowded into express and baggage wagons, and the regular "pirates," or sampans, as they are called in China, hurried to the place on foot. At least 1,500 Chinamen had assembled before the steamer came in sight. Beyond their infernal promiscuous jabber the crowd was quiet, until the steamer came to her dock. As none but the merchants and head men, who had passes, were allowed inside the gates, the rest crowded up to the gates or dispersed along the wharves, lining them away down to Main street. As soon as the officers commenced landing the women from the steerage the excitement became intense, and it required a large force to prevent them from breaking down the gates. One Chinaman made an assault upon an officer, giving him a blow in the face that brought him to the ground. All the boats in the vicinity were engaged at high prices by the parties to be rowed to the side of the steamer, hoping by that means to get access to the women, and it required strong measures to prevent their boarding the vessel. After the boats were engaged, a terrible fight commenced as to who should occupy them, and many who had paid their passage were thrust back into the crowd, and their places taken by such as did not scruple to take a sail at others' expense. While this confusion on the outside was going on, the women were landed, to the number of 390, and placed in half a dozen rows. The examination by the Custom-house officers (most of them young men) was exceedingly interesting. Large quantities of opium were discovered on their persons, stowed away in different places. When the search was completed they were stowed away in large express wagons, and conveyed to such places as the merchants and head men directed. An officer was placed in front, two on each side, and one behind each wagon, each armed with a heavy club, to beat off any love-smitten Oriental who might try to board it. It was an amusing sight to see these wagons going up the hill from the dock at full speed, the officers swinging their clubs at the hundreds of men who followed, jabbering their disappointment at the top of their lungs. By five o'clock the women were safely stowed away, and under the strong protection of the merchants and head men, who will probably reship them to China by the next steamer, or send them over as servants in American families.

#### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

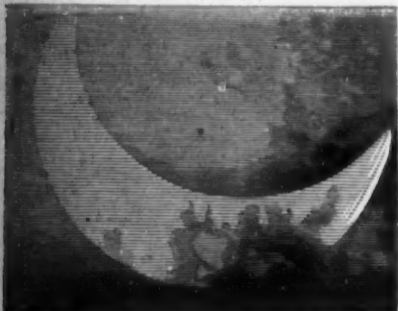
The best cure for tight boots—Small feet.  
The best friends of our fortunes—Our creditors.  
Wonderful adhesion—A man sticking to his business.  
A "HEAD" gardener—A maker of artificial flowers for ladies' hair.  
The height of satisfaction—Handling a dentist's tweezers when the tooth is out.  
Motto for a sheriff—Render unto seizer the things that are seizers!  
Why are a great many bills in Congress like lobsters? Because, when read, they are laid on the table.  
Why is the Bank of England like Windsor Castle? Because it has for a long time been the abode of many English sovereigns.  
In Chicago, husbands are said to be so fearful of divorce, that they aid to their announcements of future movements the letters "W. P.," which mean "wife permitting."  
It is said that there are people in the Mountain District of Kentucky, so green that they followed a wagon that happened to pass that way, twenty miles, "just to see whether the hind wheels would overtake the fore ones."  
At no moment of difficulty does a husband, knowing his own utter helplessness, draw so closely to his wife's side for comfort and assistance as when he wants a button sewed on his shirt collar.  
A COUNTRY sculptor was ordered to engrave upon stone, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband," but being pinched for room, it was contracted thus: "A virtuous woman is \$5 to her husband."  
A SOUTHERN paper is opposed to the education of women as surgeons. It says that, suppose one were put under the influence of chloroform by such a doctor, "what is to prevent woman from kissing you?"  
A SUITE of rooms was advertised at a fashionable watering-place as having among its attractions "a splendid view over a fine garden adorned with numerous sculptures." It was found, on applying at the address, that the garden adorned with sculpture was the cemetery.  
A PHYSICIAN, on being inquired of concerning a friend, replied that he had been arrested for taking what did not belong to him, and what he had no business to meddle with.  
"By whom was he arrested, and what did he take?"  
"He was arrested by death for taking the typhus fever."

A SHORT time since, as a well-known English master in a grammar school was censuring his pupil for the dullness of his comprehension, and consenting to instruct him in a sum in Practice, he said, "Is not the price of a penny loaf always a penny?" when the boy innocently replied, "No, sir; the bakers sell 'em two for three pence when they are stale."

## THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 1868—FROM OBSERVATIONS MADE BY MEMBERS OF THE NORTH GERMAN EXPEDITION, AT ADEN, ARABIA.

DRIVING PRAIRIE  
HENS.

PRAIRIE-HENS may be easily driven into nets in warm exceptional days in winter, when low clouds overcast the sky and shut out the enlivening sunlight from the stagnant air. The unventilated state of the atmosphere, added to the change from a bracing cold, seems to fill the birds with what boys call "spring fever"—lassitude—a truly aldermanic indisposition to high-flying, or to exertion of any sort. On the afternoon of such a day, when there has been no stint of "early worm," or of whatever these chickens immolate within the dark recesses of their crops, in lofty trees they will no vigils keep, electing to chew the cud—or grind the gizzard, rather—of fancy sweet, in the edge of some low, scrubby limber-patch, or copse of gnarled black oak. There they huddle, hid in a thick wicker-work of twisted branches, where only a quick and discerning eye would be likely to distinguish them from brown leaves or tufts of dry knotted-grass. The manner of taking them, with the apparatus and appurtenances of their taking, are represented in our engraving. The net is like a common shad-net, about fifteen feet long, from eighteen to twenty-four inches wide at the mouth, and shaped like a long cornucopia, such as confectioners fill with *bon-bons*. At the mouth, and at regular intervals through the entire length, are fastened wooden hoops to keep the net spread apart; and from the opening, where



TAKEN AFTER THE TOTALITY.

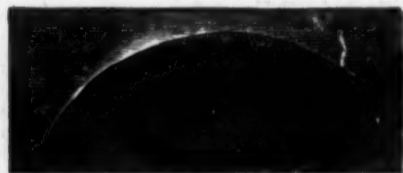
the birds are supposed to enter, extend two long rectangular wings of netting about the height of the mouth of the net, and supported vertically by iron rods, projecting so that they may be stuck in the ground. The net is set with the mouth open toward the birds, as near them as may be without frightening them—say three rods. The wings are extended in a wide semicircle from the mouth, and cover a lateral distance of about twenty feet. The net and wings are then disguised as "cover," by hiding them with branches well covered with brown leaves. The covey of hens has already been surrounded by a party of hunters on horseback, at a distance of perhaps forty rods, and these now move in on the birds, keeping up a zigzag, in consequent motion, with the object of not too suddenly disturbing them, as calling their attention to the fact that they are to be driven would put them to immediate flight. As the horses close in on them, and get too near, the chickens leave their roost and scurry over the ground to the nearest cover, which it has been arranged shall be the masked snare. When near the mouth of the net, the hunters make a sudden rush, and the birds, in a state of flurry and bewilderment, enter there among the hoops, where they must leave hope behind. On cold days they cannot be so easily managed. They are clearer-headed, more active, and have a provoking habit of flying over the net without the slightest provocation.



SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 1868—THE MEMBERS OF THE NORTH GERMAN EXPEDITION FOR OBSERVING THE ECLIPSE, WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHICAL TELESCOPE, ADEN, ARABIA.

Photographing the Great  
Eclipse of 1868, at Aden.

THE phenomenon of a total eclipse of the sun is of a most impressive character, and



TOTAL ECLIPSE.

looked forward to as an opportunity of solving many physical mysteries and wonders and theories.

As if to keep pace with this growing and wonderful age, the solar eclipse of August 18th,

will occur. The total eclipse of the sun in this instance was nearly seven minutes. The longest totality, previous to that, occurred in 1860, visible in Spain. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that scientists of all countries should have looked forward with so much interest to this event. Expeditions were sent to make observations—from England, France, and Germany, half-way across the world, fitted with the most perfect and accurate apparatus, and stationed along the line of totality, from Wah-Tonne, in the Malay Peninsula, to Aden, on the Red Sea, Arabia.

At the latter place the North German expedition was stationed, and whose observations I

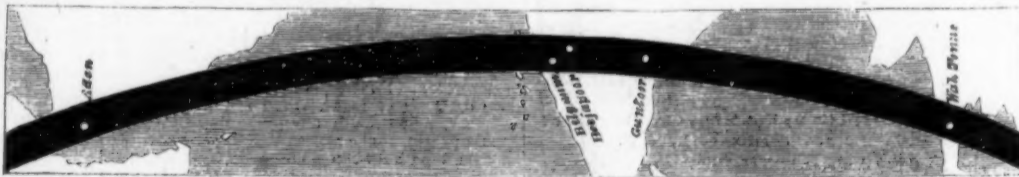
For them the scientific world is greatly indebted to the indefatigability of Dr. Herman Vogel.

Our route from Berlin was by way of Vienna to Trieste, thence by the Lloyd steamer to Alexandria—time, six days—and after a short stay at Cairo, the city of wonders and beggars, across the desert and down the Red Sea.

The voyage down to Aden is one that will be remembered as a continuous vapor bath. The heat was intense, and our bodies became covered with grievous eruptions. It was our constant occupation to watch the wind, and whenever possible, to get in it, that we might but for a moment feel its drying, cooling influence upon our moist cuticles. The trip was a trying one, and accompanied by no pleasurable circumstances, unless it be a pleasure to see how much more stoical one can be than his fellow in misery. We were glad when we reached Aden, which was August 2d. The town of Aden is on the Red Sea, in the extreme south of Arabia. It is situated on the remains of an extinct volcano, and is by no means an attractive place. Not a green shrub or a tree is to be seen. Nothing but a rugged mass of rocks,



APPROXIMATING TOTALITY.



PATH OF THE ECLIPSE OF AUG. 18TH, 1868, AND WHERE OBSERVED.

1868, was the greatest in the annals of astronomy, and at least thirty generations will come and go before another one of so long duration

was permitted to witness. The most attention was given by the several expeditions to spectrum observations; but it was the special

pled up in curious shapes by some great convulsion of nature; a few fortifications, not very pretentious, between



INDIAN BUNGALOW, AT ADEN—OBSERVATORY OF THE EXPEDITION.

mission of the North German expedition to make photographs of the luminous protuberances visible on the surface of the sun during a total eclipse. Attempts were made by the other expeditions to secure similar pictures, in order that those taken at different points on the line might be compared, but unfortunately their success was very meagre.

The North German expedition was sent from Berlin by the North German Scientific Board, and consisted of Dr. Herman Vogel, Ph. D., editor of the *Photographische Mittheilungen*, Dr. Fritsch, Dr. Thiele, and Dr. Zenker. No more competent person could have been selected than Dr. Vogel to have taken charge of this expedition. He is one of the most eminent photographers in the world, and previous to leaving Berlin expended much labor and experiment in order to so perfect his arrangements as to make success certain, if the weather should be favorable. His apparatus was placed in position; his chemicals tested, and his co-workers drilled, with the same precision and care as a commandant would drill his artillerymen previous to making an assault upon some great and important stronghold. Each man was assigned a duty, to which he was to devote his sole attention with greatest care. The result is a series of by far the most successful of any of the photographs taken of the eclipse by any of the expeditions.

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plunged up in curious shapes by some great convulsion of nature; a few fortifications, not very pretentious, between the rocks; warehouses, stores, coal-sheds, bungalows, etc., make up the place. The angry surf lashes the beach as if striving to wear away such a cheerless and unattractive spot from the face of the earth. A lively scene ensued upon our arrival. We were expected, and crowds of screaming, quarrelling, swearing Arabs were in waiting, to help us and our baggage ashore. The same feeling of determination to keep our hands upon our pocket-books that seized us when entering New York at any of the railroad depots seized us here. A more beggarly set of cutthroat-looking rascals one could hardly conceive. Their peculiar dress, and their long, lank black figures, give them a strange, and by no means a prepossessing look. After we freed ourselves of this scum of the populace, we were very hospitably received by the English

# MEDALS PRESENTED TO MR. FRANK LESLIE, AS U. S. COMMISSIONER TO THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

Government authorities, and mules, servants, and every other comfort possible were placed at our disposal in abundance. Two Indian bungalows were set apart for the uses of the expedition, in which we disposed our baggage. The expedition employed the following ten days in placing their photographic telescope upon a firm basis and in proper position.

The observatory was a bungalow, made of cane stranded together; of matting and thatch. The floor was covered with matting, and doors made of the same material. The windows were of diagonal strips of cane, admitting the light but not keeping out the dust, which is constantly being driven over everything, mixing with the perspiration, and reminding one continually of the substance of which the principal portion of his superstructure is made.

A portion of the roof of the bungalow was removed, to facilitate observation and give a clear view of the sky. In that bamboo cage was enacted one of the most exciting scenes ever known to science, and some of the most interesting results secured. The arrangements were all completed, and each one was systematically and practically drilled in his part.

of the observers looked dark, although not pallid. We could see the minute hands on our watches, and could read the type of the newspaper. In the town, among the houses, the darkness was greater. Several of the brighter stars were plainly seen.

The awful grandeur given to the scene by the luminous prominences behind the moon's disk is indescribable. They seemed here and there like the light of a great conflagration, and again, where they were larger and higher, like the flames issuing from a great blast furnace.

If the reader will imagine a vast woods or prairie on fire, at a great distance, at night, he will get an idea of the appearance of the edge of the moon during the total eclipse we have described, only the conflagration, as it is supposed to be, upon which we gazed, is stretching for 500,000 miles around the sun's circumference. And even this is not all. The photographs reveal a great pointed tongue of flame on the surface of the sun, which to the eye was extremely grand. It seems to reach about 70,000 miles in height, and to have at the base a diameter of nearly 10,000 miles. In the short space of time that these prominences were visible one could hardly fix them distinctly upon his memory, but they will be readily understood from the annexed drawings, which were made from the photographs taken by the expedition.

These clouds and flames are composed of highly heated gas, principally hydrogen, and when viewed through the spectroscope, the colors emitted are the same as those emitted by the heated hydrogen gas, that is, crimson, yellow, blue and purple.

Thus ended our visit to Aden, which we were glad to leave, after securing a view of the place and some of the surrounding scenery; and thus successfully and gloriously terminated the labors of the North German Expedition at Aden, though they proceeded to the Pyramids before returning home, to photograph them and some of the interiors of the tombs, hieroglyphics, etc., etc., in that wonderful part of the world.

On the 7th of August next there will be a total eclipse of the sun, visible in various sections of this country as follows: through Alaska,

Carolina, and reach the Atlantic Ocean near Beaufort at about sunset. North and south of this line the eclipse will only be partial in the United States.

It is hoped that every available telescope will be brought into photographic use on that occasion, and that photographs along as many points of the path as possible will be secured. The most experienced photographers who can be obtained should be secured for this work. The New York and Philadelphia Photographic Societies are already astrir upon the subject.

## Souvenirs of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867.

The Commission appointed in behalf of the various nationalities represented at the Paris Exposition of 1867, received from the French Government and from the Imperial Commission of the Exposition medals commemorative of the occasion, and in acknowledgment of their services in their respective departments. These testimonials are similar in design and execution, and as specimens, we publish engravings of those presented to Mr. Frank Leslie, who was one of the Commissioners representing the United States, and who has recently published an elaborate and interesting report on the Fine Arts in connection with his mission to the Exposition. The medals are of bronze, and on the obverse of each is a fine bas-relief profile of Napoleon III. The large medal, of which we show both the obverse and reverse—was presented by the French Government, "pour services rendus"—for services rendered, and, as will be seen in the engraving, is



MEDAL FOR SERVICE ON THE EXPOSITION JURY.



MEDAL PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT. REVERSE.



MEDAL PRESENTED BY THE IMPERIAL COMMISSION.



MEDAL PRESENTED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT. OBTUSE.

All possible failures were anticipated, and the utmost care taken to prevent them.

The apparatus was a telescope, having an achromatic lens six inches in diameter, and six feet focus, specially ground so as to get the photographic image in focus. This afforded a solar image of three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and was mounted equatorially, and moved by clockwork, adjusted so as to counteract the motion of the earth, and keep the telescope rigidly fixed on the image during the ten or fifteen seconds required to receive the impression. To the end of the telescope was fixed a small photographic camera, provided with dark slides, each of which would hold a sensitive plate large enough to take two images.

The only misgivings were on account of the weather, and that being controlled by a considerably more complicated arrangement than a photographic telescope even, no one seemed willing to prognosticate concerning it. But those four hard-working, able men, feared no failure with themselves, and longed for the eventful morning to arrive.

It came, and at four o'clock everything was ready for action. It was an impressive sight. The long telescope stood with its one eye peering out from the torn roof of the bungalow, watching the tantalizing clouds that hung heavily over the sun, as if to cover its shame at being eclipsed by the shadow of a minor orb. The four sages, with disappointed faces and beating hearts, stood inside, ready to do their best; the shore was lined with resident English and noisy natives; the breakers at our feet licked the shore less noisily than usual, it seemed, though their distant booming added to the impressiveness of the scene; not a sail broke the monotony of the sea, and all quietly and earnestly watched the clouds. Dr. Vogel made a view of the people on the shore, the sea and the clouds, twenty minutes before totality. Soon after, and suddenly, to the great joy of all, the clouds partly divided, and we beheld the sun, already partially eclipsed, and appearing like a crescent. The landscape looked very peculiar, with a half sun-light, half moon-light effect, as one might call it.

"Smaller by degrees and beautifully less" became the crescent; the rent in the clouds became greater, and the faces of the four eager watchers grew brighter and happier; each one at his post. The totality was to be barely three minutes in duration, and not a second was to be lost.

The solemn silence was broken by the footsteps of Mohammed, the Arabian servant, running with the first exposed plate to Dr. Vogel. The next sound was from Dr. Vogel's developing tent. "Light! light! for heaven's sake bring me a light!" he cried, and in a few seconds more he had a most successful double negative, which was quickly followed by three others, and the totality was ended in less time than is required to record it. The expedition was successful in its mission. One more view of the sun was taken by Dr. Vogel after the totality, and soon the great solar struggle was over, and the sun was shining upon us with his wonted vigor. We were greatly favored, for at a station only half an hour's travel distant the clouds were so heavy that no observations could be made.

During the totality the darkness was not extreme, though the birds and the butterflies disappeared and the crickets began to chirp. The sky was of a dark, leaden hue, and the faces



MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE FITZ-GREENE HALLECK AT ALDERBROOK CEMETERY, GUILFORD, CONN.—SEE PAGE 51.

inscribed with the name of the Commissioner, on a tablet borne by two cherubs, with a laurel crown above, and an eagle with extended wings beneath.

The medal next in size is, as regards the Commissioners, exceptional in character, having been presented only to those who served on the international jury, Mr. Leslie being one. The smaller medal, with the figure of the flying seraph bearing a plan of the Exposition buildings, was presented by the Imperial Commission as a Souvenir of the Exposition.

## Incidents of Travel in Texas Since the War.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," "UNDERCURRENTS," "WAS HE SUCCESSFUL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### INTRODUCTORY.

LAST year, during a pretty extensive trip over Texas, I encountered, while traveling in

one of the northern counties, a young man not more than three or four-and-twenty, whom I will call by the name of Ferris. He was engaged in planting in a small way. He was living in his cabin quite by himself, and I spent an entire week with him. He told me he was from New York, had been a clerk in Stewart's retail dry-goods store. I was so much pleased with his character, and the efforts he was making, that I took an unusual interest in his history. Among other things, I suggested that he should furnish some account of his experience in Texas, for the press. To this he replied he was hardly qualified to do so. It was true he had kept a kind of diary, in which was noted what passed from day to day, but he felt it was in no shape for publication. I asked him to let me see it, to which he assented. On looking it through, I was surprised to find how much information it contained, and how impartially and justly it dealt with facts. Claiming myself a tolerably thorough knowledge of Texas, from an acquaintance of twenty years, I was the better able to judge of what this young man had himself recounted. It is true his diary required to be put in shape for the printer; I may say, rewritten; but I undertook the task with cheerfulness, believing the valuable material would repay any labor of this sort.

With this explanation I submit Mr. Ferris's account, requesting the public always to bear in mind when they read anything in the journals about Texas—

First, that the area of that State is five times larger than that of the State of New York, so that what may be true of one section may be specially false of another.

Second, that there are interested parties on both sides who, unhappily, habitually misstate facts.

In the year 1867, I traveled through Northern Texas, and before the end of the month of March found myself in the interior of Bosque county.

I was traveling for my health, which had for some time been delicate. Arriving at Galveston, I found the climate too damp for me. Indeed, I was growing rapidly worse, when Dr. Newton, whom I consulted, instead of sending me to an apothecary, ordered me to purchase a "pleasant horse, mount him, and proceed up the country, where," continued the good doctor, "you will find in soil, climate, and atmosphere a perfect paradise, and if you do not return in four months a well man, I will acknowledge that I have mistaken your case."

I acceded the more willingly to the doctor's suggestion because I had a friend living in that direction, but whom, I confess, I had little thought of visiting when I left home. My medical friend recommended me to Pete Terry as a good person to select a horse and help me to an outfit. I called on that individual, and before noon the next day he had obtained for me a tough Mexican pony, saddle, bridle, and accoutrements; by which latter are understood a double blanket, holsters for revolvers, a leather yoke in which to swing rifle or shotgun, and a "Texan stable," to wit, a very long rope to hang at my saddle-bow, with which to "stake out" my steed at night.

Thus marshaled into service, I took, with my nag, the railway, which was finished for about one hundred and forty-five miles toward my locality.

On reaching the terminus, I mounted my pony and proceeded on my solitary way. It was no uncommon occurrence, that of an individual riding over the country quite alone. Indeed you encounter a single horseman on the prairie with much the same feeling you meet the lonely traveler on the Great Desert. Something, in short, as two ships approach and meet and pass each other on the trackless ocean.

The first night, I had, as I considered it, the good fortune to strike the log-house of a settler, and was hospitably invited to share his single room, which contained three beds, besides a large trundle-bed for the children. These beds appeared to be quite full when I entered, but after my supper of "hog and hominy," I was pointed to one of them, which already had two men in it, and where I was invited to make myself at home. After that night's experience, I resolved to attempt camping out, rather than venture again to risk the companionable qualities of a Texan bed.

My first experiment was a little lonely. I took, however, to the bush pretty naturally, made a good fire, struck a stake for Pancho, and spread my blanket under an enormous live oak. I slept soundly and sweetly, and next morning went on my way rejoicing.

I jogged quietly onward, according to the direction of the doctor, stopping in the middle of the day two or three hours to rest, while lunching from the contents of my haversack, so that by night I had not passed over more than twenty-five miles for my day's work.

It was at the end of a week that I found myself drawing near the little village of K—, in Bosque county, which was the place of my destination.

In that time I had been through a variety of petty adventures, and suffered, as I thought, innumerable miseries and discomforts. Twice I got out of provisions, and had to provide for my necessities by the use of my fowling-piece. Once, on lying down, I was particularly incommoded by what felt like a pretty large stick directly under me, and over which, as I supposed, I had carelessly spread my blanket. On rising to remove it, however, I found it to be a large rattlesnake very comfortably ensconced, which had been attracted, doubtless, by the warmth of my fire. Worse than all, my pony broke away one night, and I roamed the prairie half a day to find him, when a stranger came along with the creature in tow. I was more careful in driving my stake after that. In fact, so many annoyances did I experience, and so much real pleasure did I enjoy, that between the two I had forgotten all about my health, which was the real cause of my journey.

It was on a lovely afternoon, the last week in March, that I approached K—. The weather was warm, the prairie covered with flowers innumerable. The mule-eared rabbit was constantly dashing across my path, and the deer and the antelope would stand and look at me from a little distance. I stopped and drew in a long breath. The air was so dry, so perfectly pure and elastic, that it was absolutely exhilarating to inhale it.

A few minutes' ride brought me to my friend's door. He was perfectly amazed to see me, and made haste to welcome me into a very comfortable room in a frame building, where I soon learned the value of a good supper, and a bed to myself.

Case and I were old friends—in fact, we were at school together, and afterward clerks in a store in New York. He had certainly got the start of me, for while I was still "clerking it" there, he quitted the city and came to Texas, where he located a quarter of a league of land in the finest part of the State, and was bringing it into cotton as fast as his limited resources would permit. His wife was a bright, active New England girl, fitted by her energy and cheerfulness to be a help to her husband.

As I sat down to his homely but hospitable table, on which was spread a capital supper, consisting of "chicken fixens," eggs, hot biscuit, and butter, loads of honey, and excellent coffee, I could not help contrasting the scene with my own insipid life in New York, a measurer of drygoods, and a tenant of a cheap boarding-house at night.

"Case!" I exclaimed, "I wish some of our New Yorkers could see you and your wife out here; I think it would give a few of our friends a new set of ideas."

"They are welcome to come and see for themselves," said Case, laughing. "How do you think I would feel to go back to Stewart's, and handle a yard-stick or tape-measure?"

"Don't speak of it!" I exclaimed; "the idea of going back myself, makes me feel as if I had taken a dose of ipecac."

"You are a fool if you do," replied Case. "Don't you say so, Jane?" appealing to his wife.

Jane did not venture an opinion, but laughed as if she agreed with her husband.

We sat up very late that night, talking over old times and my friend's prospects, with a few words occasionally about my own. At length Case rose, and said he knew I required rest, and showed me to a small, neat room, where a good bed, with clean white sheets, awaited me. "I shall let you sleep in the morning," he observed.

"By no means," was my reply. "The last injunction of my doctor was to rise early, and I obey him to the letter. Call me when you get up yourself."

"All right," said my friend, and in ten minutes thereafter I was literally "asleep and asleep." I never before, it seemed to me, slumbered so soundly. The comfortable bed, the absolute freedom from anxiety about my way, or about anything else, the excellent supper, and the home-feeling attending my surroundings, caused "deep sleep to fall on me," from which I was awake by Case's cheerful voice early next morning.

I opened my eyes, and found him standing over me.

"I have taken you at your word," he said, "and call you in good season."

"Just what I want," I exclaimed. "I am going to get up directly."

"If you have any taste for the sport," said my friend, "there are plenty of wild turkeys in the bottom; and I heard lots of gobbling half an hour ago. It is a little too late to-day, but you may like to try it."

"Of all things," was my answer. In fifteen minutes I was dressed, and, taking a fine double-barreled shotgun (I was not sufficiently at home with the rifle), I started for the bottom, almost half a mile distant.

It was a magnificent morning. Just such a one I had never before witnessed. Imagine the loveliest of our June days at the North, and add to it the surroundings of a half-tropical country, a vastness of territory illimitable, and appearing like an immense flower-garden on one side, with primeval forests along the bottoms on the other; the accompaniment of singing-birds, the presence of the wild animals of the prairie, the cooling of the turtle-dove, which abounds here, the hum of bees, the fragrance of flowers, and an indescribable quality of atmosphere, a single draught of which is enough to banish care—imagine, if you can, all these, and you have the best description I can give you of the glory of that morn.

Half way to the timber I met a real Texan, and no mistake. He was well mounted, and carried the invariable rifle, revolvers, rope and blankets. He wore on his head an immense sombrero, and across his shoulders a large shawl. He drew up, on approaching me, and asked if I had seen any horses go by that morning. I replied I had not, but that I had just come out. If he would inquire at the house, he might get information.

"From the North, I reckon?" said the Texan. "Yes."

"What do they want to do with us up there?" he asked. "We have been fairly licked, and we own it. Now, what is it they want?"

The man asked the question so earnestly, that I was touched. Here was a "savage Texan," ready, according to the newspapers, to rob and murder every Northerner he met, and this was his actual salutation.

I made some pleasant reply, in which I charged what he complained about to the politicians and newspaper-writers on both sides.

"I do think you're right, stranger," he said. "I do reckon if we could barrel them all up together, and roll them down Bee mountain, we might calculate on a right quiet time, and a good cotton and wheat crop."

I was rather amused at my new acquaintance's plan for the good of the country, but only laughed, and then the subject dropped.

"A fine sun-up," said the Texan, as he touched his horse with the spur, and bid me good-day.

I now turned my attention to the morning sport. Moving cautiously along the edge of the timbers, I soon heard the multitudinous gobbling which my friend had told of—the male turkeys at this season of the year mustering in large force, and becoming very noisy. But where were they? As I advanced toward where they appeared to be, not a single bird was visible. They had departed silently, like the Arabs. I began to discover what I never knew before, but which every sportsman does know, that the wild turkey is a very cunning and a very shy bird. I felt certain, when I first entered the wood, that I should surely bring to the house a brace of these fine creatures, and now I had advanced to the very river's edge, and they were nowhere.

I was deeply chagrined, and was about to retrace my steps, when my eye was attracted a little further on by the sight of a magnificent coon seated on the projection of a large tree—scarcely twenty feet from the ground. The nice old gentleman looked at me in the most smiling manner, as if he would say, "Welcome, my dear sir, to this country; I hope you find the climate agreeable."

I think I could have "brought" the fellow with my shotgun, standing where I was, but I wished to make sure of him. There was a little bit of chaffery between me and the coon, which, if I could get through, would bring me within a most convenient distance. I was much excited. Getting down on my hands and knees, I endeavored to work my way through the thicket, regardless of consequences, which were that my coat was nearly torn from my shoulders. I strained my eyes from time to time to get a glimpse of my intended victim, and could see him watch my movements with a curious sympathetic air, as if he thought I was taking a great deal of trouble for nothing.

At length I worked my way out to the other side. The coon was still occupying the same seat. There was no mistake about it, he would soon be mine. Tough as he was, the shotgun would fetch him at that distance. Slowly I commenced to raise myself to an erect position—what was my mortification to see the creature turn head downward, and suddenly disappear! He was seated over his hole in the tree, which accounted for his free and easy demeanor.

Let me say here, I visited that place at least fifty times during the season, but no coon did I ever see.

Thus far I had signally failed in my first attempt after game. My views were so much modified by the failure, that I was willing to take up with smaller objects. I now undertook to secure some fox-squirrels, which are as large as our gray-squirrel, and which abound here. These fellows were moderately wild, but I managed to bag three of them in a short time. After that I shot two pigeons, and returned, not very triumphantly, to the house, just in time for breakfast.

What an appetite I had! Venison steak, breast of wild turkey roasted, sweet-potatoes, griddle-cakes, and honey, disappeared in a marvelous manner. Genuine coffee, served with cream, and the best of fresh butter, must

\* We say at the North sun-down for sun-set; the Texan invariably says sun-up for sun-rise.

not be omitted. After breakfast Case said he had voted himself a holiday, and proposed we should first ride over his plantation, and then dispose of the remainder of the day as might be most agreeable.

"You shall have a comfortable horse in place of that clumsy creature," he continued. "Jane, will you lend 'Ned' to Ferris, for this occasion only? as they say in the play-bills."

"With pleasure," replied his wife. A few minutes later we were mounted—my friend on a small blooded, American mare, and I on "Ned," a Spanish gelding—a bright sorrel, not more than thirteen and a half hands high, which made me feel for the first time the full charm of life in the saddle. Away we went, in the full, fresh, elastic spirit which such a scene creates. Would that some of my New York friends could have shared it with me.

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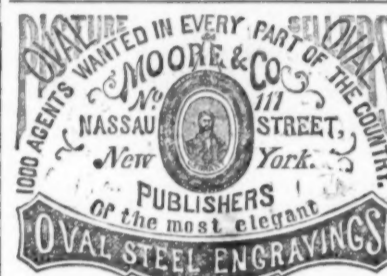
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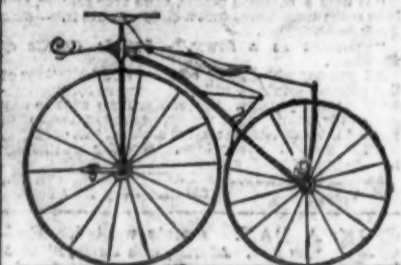
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